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JESSIE OF BOULOGNE;

OR THE

HISTORY OF A FEW MINUTES.

BY THE

REV. C. GILLMOR, M.A.

“ They sin who tell us Love can die.”—SOUTHEY.

IN THREE VOLUMES,

VOL. III.



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JESSIE OF BOULOGNE.

CHAPTER I.

SOLUTIONS.

“When all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I’m lost
In wonder, love, and praise.
When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm unseen convey’d me safe,
And led me up to man.
Thy bounteous hand with temporal goods
Hath made my cup run o’er,
And in a kind and faithful friend
Hath doubled all my store.
Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I’ll raise;
For, O, Eternity’s too short
To utter all Thy praise.”

ADDISON.

TRUE friendship can only subsist between those who feel genuine and entire esteem for each other. Any suspicion would operate as does a little chalk, left adhering to the burnt flint in the manufacture of stone-ware; the chalk destroys the ceramic cohe-

sion, causing a flaw or fissure. But where, besides affection, mutual respect also prevails; there, the perfection of friendship is produced.

Hence was it that there was such thorough confidence between the two friends, Cyril and George. There was no reserve, no circumlocution; all was the honesty of love.

Accordingly there was a great deal of explanation, on which both of them had to enter, before they could feel quite satisfied with the new aspect of things. George spoke gaily and rather satirically of Boulogne.

"To think," exclaimed George, "that my sister Maude should come to be called Jessie of Boulogne; whereas she has nothing to do with that bad steel-pen-making place."

"Ah, but," replied Cyril, "as it was there I first saw her, Boulogne must be for ever brightly associated with her in my memory."

"Whew!"

"You do not seem, George, to have a very exalted opinion of Boulogne."

"O, the place is well enough; but the fact is, I am desperately John-Bullish, in the old sense: nor do I much like Boulogne, or Paris, or anything in France."

"So much for prejudice!"

"Very likely; but what is Boulogne but a conglomeration of lodging-houses, with a home population of jackals and harpies, and with a floating alien crew of rakes, gamblers, old maids, idle loungers,

stale officers, penniless dandies, sour matchmakers, and bold-faced jigs ? ”

“ May not the same as well be said of Bath, Cheltenham, Leamington, Scarborough, and so on ? ”

“ Not so much,” quoth George ; “ no regular Boulogne denizen can look you straight in the face : it is not merely that he is conscious of being badly dressed : he feels this, but, besides, he seems somehow to *wear* an aspect of guilt. And in itself, Boulogne has to me a lean, gaunt, starved look ; it has the guise of a dry honeycomb out of which the honey has been run, leaving a burrow only fit for a colony of weevils or earwigs.”

“ Too bad of you, George.”

“ Well, I have always been struck with the spare sapless guise of the spot ; it wants marrow (and fatness) : it is, like a twopenny birdcage, a pinched prison for frivolous bipeds. It is cramped, it is wan, it is lank ; yes, *lean* is the word.”

“ Ah, that is the way that you also depreciate the French language.”

“ Yes,” said George merrily, “ the French language, in its congestive pronunciation, and in its unfitness for the iambic style, is the poorest and most ridiculous je-ne-sais-quoi language in existence. Nor are there many French writers fit for a man of sense and piety to read.”

Cyril listened, much amused, while George rattled on, “ Let me tell you, that the French language is really not capable of anything above the dignity of

a little love chirp, or dancing ditty. Nor can it boast of many even of these. So I had best compose one (original) as a specimen or model, off hand, as follows, *Chanson du Mendiant*,

(pour la musique) :

“ O pour une tranche de pain et de fromage,
 O pour un gobelet de vin ;
 Mon jabot gorgé d'oie et de sauge,
 Et de faire la meridienne.
 Vos oreilles donc entendront, souvent, au vrai !
 Un ronflement grave et sonore ;
 Qui vous dira parfaitement à la Française,
 Que je voudrais devorer encore.

“ I could go on, this way, all day, and all night, and so could anyone else, ‘stans pede in uno.’ While my hand is in, I may as well indite another (original) sample, which I will call *Ballade de la Colombe* :—

“ Ecoutez votre amant,
 L'aveu d'amour,
 Ainsi soupirant
 De tout son cœur,
 Prendre qui desire
 Un tour de bec,
 Toujours caresser
 Doucement, avec
 Aimable ardeur ;
 O ma tres belle,
 Mon cœur est à vous
 Sincère et fidele :

Voici, au moins
 Je demande de vous,
 Donnez, ah donnez
 Un baiser doux.

"The French language," persisted George, "is only fit for such twiddling little pieces as that; each line being emphasized by a grimace or a shrug. Its 'grander' poetry is the greatest satire on the language; and its prose is always weak and washy. It is only a chatter; not a tongue. The grimaces which have to accompany it, may show that the vaunted 'conversational' aptitudes of French are rather unreal. A Frenchman must always use shrugs and gesticulations; every one of which is a libel on the language. He also has quite an array of tricks, as when he elevates his voice at the end of a short sentence, like, O-o-o-o-up! or as when a boy catches a football and gives it an airy go-kick! and up it goes. Such twirls of talk prove imperfection in the tongue. Or, when a girl uses such a last word as *poussee*, she will trill off the final letters to nothing, in the most finedrawn quaver,

poussee—ee—e—e !!

It is very amusing and musical; but such things are merely crutches for a lame language: they detract from the conversationality of the tongue, and leave it a mere cackle of oddity. A Frenchman always seems as if he was ready at any moment to break out into a regular flap-your-wings and crook-your-neck and jump-on-barndoor sort of cacklication

of cock-a-doodle-doo ; which is simply the cock or Gallus (Gallic) language for 'Glory.' Hence field-officers wear cocks' feathers. If you listen from a little distance to a few Frenchmen talking, it seems to be all, Cock-cack-kik-cuc-kek-cac-kik-cock-coq ! Despite all the imperfections, there will always be found English people who affect to 'adore' French."

"However," cried Cyril, "I shall always like and 'adore' France, and Boulogne ; as it was there I first saw Jessie, Jessie of Boulogne."

"Maude, you mean."

"Yes, 'Maude,' the prettiest of all names ; I take it, Maude is Matilda, and Matilda is the feminine of Matthew, which means a gift. So Maude is the best gift, the most precious boon ! It is she who has taught me I have a heart. How strange that I should not have known, before so lately, that you had a sister at all !"

"Yes, I have had four sisters, of whom Maude alone survives. And then of course you are not aware that Maude possesses something of a fortune ?"

"By no means ; how could I ?"

"It was this way. During the seclusion of our family, through the Cabanas matter, you know ; and during my father's honorable exile : some large revenues were formally devoted to be amassed for the benefit of his daughters, of whom there were four, one (Lucy) older than me, and two others (Nest and Inet, Welsh princesses' names) older than Maude. There was already a sum of forty-five thousand pounds in money as a nucleus ; and the

estate which was set aside to accumulate, was no less than thirteen thousand a year. The design was, to give fifty thousand pounds apiece to the four girls. But three of them died quite young, one after the other, apparently poisoned; and nevertheless the arrangements, for the accumulation at compound interest, were not disturbed. Doubtless the sad feeling, of the three sweet little girls' deaths, caused a disinclination to take any step which might look like publicly ignoring their memory. And thus Maude becomes possessed this moment of a fortune in money which is no less than two hundred thousand pounds, in her own right. And the disposition of the fund is such, that as it is now completed in full, Maude has from her seventeenth birthday an absolute residuary right to the whole; and she could in fact if she liked, draw a cheque for all that cash. Not many maidens of her age could do so."

"You astonish me; it is an immense dowry."

"I am only so far glad of it," said George, proudly, "as it will make her no unfit match for the rich Earl of Evelyn."

"Her chief wealth is herself," said Cyril fervently. "But, let me ask, why it was, that, when you first mentioned her to me, you introduced her name as—'my mother and Mrs. Maude?'"

"O, I had not meant to say a word about her; and her name slipped out quite inadvertently. And it so happened I gave her the affectionate home nickname 'Mrs. Maude,' which we have fondly and playfully assigned to her."

"But, why 'Mrs.'?"

"O, that was merely because she is so neat and orderly and methodical; so we gave her the brevet rank of 'Mrs.' as if she was an old maid. In many families you will often find one of the young girls is called 'the old maid,' for fun, because of her having good domestic qualities; and you will usually see that such an old maid is the prettiest of the bevy of sisters, and also the *old maid* gets married first. Thus the lovely young Maude was called Mrs. and an old maid, simply because she was so careful, so tidy, so sensible."

Cyril, with a thrill, remembered the scene of the little pile of her folded clothes, on the table, in the room, at the time of the fire. "But then," Cyril asked, "my dear George, why was it that you seemed so desperately confused and as if ashamed, when you spoke of her?"

"Why, if you must know, it was merely this, that in my own heart I had cherished naturally the wish, that a friend so loved as yourself should choose as a wife one so incomparable as Maude. But then, this idea had only recently occurred, and that insensibly, to myself; because, till very lately I had considered her as merely a beautiful little child: hence I never got talking to you about a mere child. And then, when she so suddenly became so ineffably lovely a woman, I determined I would not even mention her; in order that if ever you both met and liked each other, it might come about of its own accord, and not in the least through my arranging."

"So then, what I thought was something like shame, was merely a brother's delicacy about his sister."

"Yes, I felt as it were vexed with myself, for inadvertently spoiling my own plan, of not referring to her. And I suppose I felt a little, that there *was* a slight degree of treason, to our friendship, in my keeping so dear a secret from you. My fancy was, that perhaps in some ball, at Simla, I should surprise you by introducing you to 'my sister'!! In fact I also felt that there would have been something jarring, in the thought of my prating about a sister, to *you*, who I know have felt so acutely what it is to lose a sister."

"Just like you, dear George, just like you; every sentiment full of sympathy, delicacy, and nobleness. And O, what a vain Tower of Babel did I erect on your passing sensation of being vexed at not being able to hide your emotion. I concluded that either 'Mrs. Maude,' was left a widow under some painful circumstances, such as that *Mr.* Maude had died through suicide; or else that more probably she had not long been married before she had to part from her husband: and I even went on to divine that the separation was of course owing to his misconduct or ill-treatment of her: and that you, though grieved and chagrined at any mention of the topic, were prepared to take your injured sister's part, roundly and warmly. And I was getting prepared with a whole array of sympathetics accordingly."

"That shows how imaginative Master Cyril is; the dear boy would do for a poet: ho, ho!"

"It is all very fine for you to laugh at my flights of fancy; perhaps I *am* a poet on a small scale. And then see how neatly I had concluded and had indeed proved to my satisfaction, that the two ladies were aunt and niece."

"O, that is easily accounted for, by the notable fact, that my mother is so singularly young-looking; she appears as if she was 'an elder sister to her own daughter.'"

"But surely, your words, or your tone, might have led me to infer, as I did, that your sister 'Mrs. Maude' was older than yourself."

"Perhaps so, it seems," said George; "but she is really six years younger than I am: and I, like yourself, am only twenty-three. And as I said, I have, within a year or two, been in the habit of considering her as the merest child; besides, I have been a good deal away from her, nor have I seen very much of her lately, so that there is the less wonder that she should not have been ever on my tongue."

"But then," Cyril struck in, wanting to defend his own guess-work a little, "I am certain that you seemed directly to intimate that she was an elder sister, because, besides calling her 'Mrs.,' you distinctly stated that you quite looked up to her."

"O," replied George, laughing, "that was only an awkward plunge of mine, to get out of the clumsy mess of having blurted out a name which I had particularly intended to keep concealed. If my remark meant anything, its drift ought really to have been

interpreted, to the effect, that she was *not* a *bonâ-fide* 'Mrs.,' and that she was *not* older than myself, and that she *was* quite a young girl; but that, notwithstanding her extreme youth, she was as brilliant as good, as respected as loved: and that, young as she was, I still quite looked up to her, because of her eminent qualities both of mind and heart. Let me in short ask you, yourself, whether *you* do not quite look up to her, as it is?"

"Assuredly I do."

"Well, so do I; nor can I tell you how deeply I esteem and revere her character and disposition. And so would you, still more, the more you saw of her. Her heart is the very throne of TRUTH. It is indeed quite astonishing how clear and sagacious is her instinctive judgment; nor is there anyone whose opinion I would sooner seek than Maude's on any difficult procedure. Without any effort, she arrives at the most sage and safe conclusion, through her mere lucidity of intuition; and this clearness of ken I attribute to the stainless pure texture of her mind and the fearless innocence and honesty of her heart."

"You certainly are a master of solutions, and you carry all before you with incontrovertible cogency. But then, why should Jessie, or Maude, have had the letter 'E.' on her handkerchief, which I tortured myself by explaining as Miss Edwards; was it then 'Epineville?'"

"No indeed," said George, laughing again; "it was not intended for that. As regards handker-

chiefs, it is a standing quiz against my mother, that she has hundreds of dozens of them. It seems, my noble mother, before she was married, had some Scotch housekeeper, who had a mania for persuading her mistress to go on having linen and handkerchiefs and so on, made up, without end. And everything was marked with 'E.' for Edensor. Doubtless Maude has as many of these as she can use, there being an infinity of them. See, here is one of them; I have lots of them myself. At one time I have teased my dear mother to promise that if ever I am married, all the school-children shall be clothed in white garments made of a few thousand cambric handkerchiefs which she would never miss. Again, I have gravely debated whether all the sails of this very yacht, the 'Anaranth,' might not be elegantly constructed of lawn and cambric handkerchiefs quadrupled, and all 'quilted;' five thousand would suffice: so I told her. And so I have gone on; it was one of these you came across."

"Another thing," said Cyril, "I cannot understand, is, why you always speak of your honored mother as Lady Thornton; whereas her 'Dame' rank, as the wife of a knight banneret, is not so high, as her own rank as Baroness Edensor. Why does she select the inferior or secondary title?"

"Perhaps," replied George, "a herald or king-at-arms, would style her 'Lady Edensor and Thornton;' but she does not care in the least about such distinctions. And, as the wife of Sir William Thornton, she feels it is most fitting that she should use only

the name Thornton; and I suppose she considers that by wearing the aigrette, she sufficiently recognizes the Edensor honors. It is indeed the deep and devoted attachment towards my father, which my mother feels, that makes her prefer to be known only as Lady Thornton."

How beautiful is such love; not only the ardor of the honeymoon, but also the affection which is continued and sustained through after years of wedded life, where Time can only intensify the charm.

And now Cyril enquired, "My dear George, can you throw any light on the question which so tortured me, why Lady Thornton and your sister went away so hurriedly from Boulogne, on the morning after the fire?"

"No, I cannot, my dear *brother*; except perhaps I may explain their movements in part, with the dangerous help of guess-work. You see, I went on from our town house in Portman Square, where I only stopped two days, to meet my father at Lime-lands, which I left before he did, because of the Edith matter having to be finished before my starting with the 'Amaranth.' Hence I was but a short time with my father; from Friday to Monday: and we were so busy about papers and leases and arrangements, that we had literally no time almost for conversation about his movements or my mother's or other subjects so deeply interesting to me. All was a hurry and a scramble; a fight against time. I only know that my father was

sent for from Dresden by the Government in the most pressing manner ; and he came on express to Whitehall : and then he posted to Limelands, intending to proceed thence with the utmost expedition to the East. Thus he left my mother and the rest of his suite at Dresden ; and I should imagine that most probably my mother entered into the spirit of the emergency, and made a selection out of both her servants and her luggage, and followed after my father, towards England, with all speed : leaving the trusty house-steward to superintend the transmission of the rest of the establishment and goods and so on, to London, more at leisure : as the house at Limelands is not to be kept up for the present, and only the house in Portman Square is to be stocked with our retainers, at least, as far as I know. I am positive it was intended that my mother and sister with a few servants and the selected luggage (or the whole) should travel from Dresden to London, by way of Ostend. Why their route was varied, and why Ostend was given up, and Boulogne resorted to, I cannot explain. But, if I were to conjecture, I should say, that, from the aspect of the case, and knowing that my mother was hampered with luggage, it is very probable that some one important box or packet went astray at Ostend, and my mother would not go on to England without it. I should not be surprised to find that she actually diverged to Paris, after it, as it is to Paris that all erratic baggage usually gets sent ; and then she would naturally go from Paris to

Boulogne, finding that she might as well wait for the missing package there, as at Paris. This is my conjecture. And moreover, as my father was going overland, his route would be from London to Boulogne, and Paris, and Marseilles, and so on, to the East. Hence I confess that the fact which I learn from you that my mother left Boulogne, and went to England through the storm in such precipitation, causes me considerable uneasiness, as I can decipher on the whole occurrence the unmistakable impress of my good father's decision and authority; and what I fear is, that some vital change has been made in my father's movements, at the very moment that the 'Amaranth' began its voyage, so that we neither know what he has been doing, nor could he communicate with me, as to his course."

"That certainly," said Cyril, "is a very unpleasant thought, as it leaves us in such total doubt; nor can we now solve the problem, except by going on to India. From what I ascertained at Boulogne, about your mother having moved from one house to another, I should rather imagine that she had not gone to Paris, but had proceeded from Ostend by way of Amiens to Boulogne, and waited there, for whatever was the cause of her waiting. A missing trunk seems a very reasonable solution; my idea is, she had been enquiring about something of the kind, at the railway station, when my adventure with her and your sister occurred at the bridge."

"Just so," George replied; "say, she did not go to Paris; she came from Ostend to Boulogne. But

then, look here; she *was* at Boulogne: and *that* was on her way, for the overland journey to India. Why then should she go over to England at all? There was no reason or predilection that I know of, to occasion it. The natural thing would be, that my father should join her at Boulogne, not that she should so needlessly travel over to England. Yet, she went; and through a hurricane. This looks like a total inversion of my father's plans, a change suddenly and imperatively decided on; and I confess that the change which is thus dimly indicated, makes me excessively uncomfortable. What if, for instance, he has had the offer, and has agreed, to go out as Governor-General of Canada [West Britain] instead of going to the East Indies [East Britain] at all?"

"The idea," returned Cyril, "is very formidable, and quite harrowing. Thus we should go out to the East, to meet them, and we should find that they were not even coming at all. Thus you would not meet your family as you expected——"

"And *you* would not see Maude again for ever so long."

"It might be months, years, before I properly met Jessie again," said Cyril, with dismay, and with bitter foreboding: "and, by that time, she would have quite forgotten me!"

"Come, come," cried George, "you must not be too down-hearted. You are as bad as my father, who, though usually lively and merry, has sometimes moments of despair; and at such times he has

more than once told my mother and myself that he believes the shroud of ruin is hanging over the three of us, over him and her as well as over me, (and I half fancy at times that this is true). He evidently thinks Maude is the only one of us to be left. But, a truce to the dismal. As regards yourself, there is one thing very legible on the face of the whole affair, and this is, that Providence has been silently linking the destinies of yourself and your Jessie together; nor is it lightly to be supposed, that such a work, thus begun and carried on, can end in nothing. You have, both you and Maude, been coming together, without either yourselves or anyone else doing anything designedly to promote it. Let us trust that so auspicious a commencement is to have none other than a felicitous conclusion."

Cheered again a little, by this consideration, Cyril pointed out, pleasantly, how powerful often is the influence of "little" events, sometimes indeed proving mightier than "great" ones. Thus also is it often, that men of "moderate" capacities do the most in this world. Just as, to take a homely illustration from a carpenter's shop, a joiner rejoices in three sorts of planes; and it is the middle-sized one that does the most work.

"Well, at any rate," said George, "it is *plain* that we have been *trying* to *smooth* and polish off 'every man *jack*' of our solutions, in thorough good style; nor can any critic reasonably demur to the workmanlike finish of our deductions. There are indeed some minds ever ready to cavil at any

fair proposition. Thus, take canary birds; suppose I allege that the canary birds are so called, after the Canary Islands: to this I add a neat little notion of my own, that they are merely linnets which have grown yellow by feeding on the brimstone of Teneriffe: so that I may pronounce them to be simply sulphur-finches. But here the inevitable man of cavils will come in at random, and deny that the birds have ever had anything to do with the Canary Isles, and he will be ready to add at a venture that there is no sulphur on Teneriffe except where such delicate warblers could not get at it, and he will be all agog to declare that there neither are now nor have there ever been such yellow birds, in those isles, whose finches are not yellow, but green or mottled brown; so he will fight for it, that the birds have grown yellow by feeding on Elba oranges or lemons or saffron, or yolks of eggs. And so such a fight may go on for ever; and so it does, in more important things."

"Speaking of fancy birds," said Cyril, "do you remember the tidy trick which a High Wycombe youth named Tom Hayther, came and played off upon us at Eton? You forget it? Why, don't you remember how the lad took us in? But, however, as a whole, we were rightly served. For, never could there have been a worse specimen of cool impudence than was practised by some of our Eton oldsters; they observed that a poor man's big sow was near her farrowing time: so they contrived to lead her away slyly, and they kept her in some den of their own,

till she was delivered of all her little pigs: these they kept for themselves to eat. Fancy a whole litter of eleven sucking-pigs for a lot of greedy big schoolboys to feast upon! Having got the young ones, they quietly let the old sow walk back to her owner. However, we Eton rascals were, as I said, neatly paid off, and taken in by that young scapegrace, who dressed himself up smartly as a sailor from foreign parts, and brought to us a basket of 'most valuable' eggs, which he had cleverly painted, and he sold them all for five shillings each, as Bird of Paradise eggs; and we all were unfledged enough to believe him that we could get five pounds each for the young birds. But when hatched as he directed, under a hen, they proved to be merely common ducks. This canard affair was quite a set-off for the little pigs."

"What puzzles me in a thing of that sort, is, how the conjuror could keep his countenance; I should laugh outright. I fancy those fellows must somehow or other like Mahomet contrive to persuade themselves that their lie is true. If I could only calmly realize the thought of a real Bird of Paradise forming within the duck-egg, I believe I could expatiate on the value of the brood, and even give directions how the young ones should be fed on yellowhammers' hearts, or date kernels, or something as odd as one of Heliogabalus' pheasants'-brain dishes. It is some occult power over the facial muscles that is wanting. Yet many succeed. Hypocrisy in fact seems just now at a premium. But

you must be a genteel hypocrite; you must call yourself a 'Professor' of Mental Affinities, or the like: then you will get the guineas of the gentry, instead of the pennies of the poor. A mere vulgar hypocrite is such an one as the mock teetotaler, who, knowing that 'ginger-beer' is allowed by most temperance regulations, passes himself off as a t—t—(stuttering)—t—total abstainer, while all the time he swills his ale as usual, only putting a pinch of ginger in it, to make it be *ginger* 'beer.' Such a man is no genius, and would never make money. You must be Professor Joannosmithello, and keep your brougham, and start a new science, the Polycrasy of Intelligential Tripods, and hold séances, and induce pagan-hearted aristocrats to have their knees scratched and their hands grasped by the ice-glove daddles of their dead paramours. This will pay well. Old godless adulterers will come to mow and gibber with their lost deceivers; and all the most stale processes of exploded witchcraft are highly paid for, by the rich old dummies of fashionable folly."

"It strikes me," observed Cyril, "that to meet all this sort of thing, the church is rather behind the time. Ministers of religion seem to me too solemn and too dull, too grave and too unearthly. All the current errors of the day, ought, I think, to be tackled by our teachers, in plain terms. I do not want us all to be made to laugh loudly in church, at the absurdities of table-turning and the like; but the subjects ought to be touched and dealt with,

in plain terms, and in a lively sensible manner. From the golden age, and the silver age, and the brazen age, and the iron age, we have now got down to the pinchbeck or grinning age, the age of shams and shoddies, when the popular creed is that 'Life's a jest, and all things show it.' This is the age of grins; I do not want the church to grin too: but I think the clergy might be less grim and serious, less with the black lappets of puritanism dangling about their skirts: a little more lively: a little more a match for the levity of the hour.

"Yes, and," said Cyril, "it is quite possible for suavity and firmness to combine. There may be dovelike gentleness, along with actually fierce determination. I might take an exemplification of this, from the Red Indian war-whoop. Perhaps the most awful earthly cry, is that of a wild Red Indian savage, bounding at you with his tomahawk through a North American bush, and giving his shout of Whackwhurroo! which is enunciated, whack!—whŭr—roo! in which form a single human voice can sound louder and be thrown farther than in any other mode of utterance. Try it when you are next out grouching. And yet this terrific yell is formed as on a model, on the note of the turtle-dove, which is whá,-whŭ-rú. A dove in war-paint! This indeed may remind us how music and poetry, which ought to be dovelike and divine, should not be as they so often are, married to thoughts and strains that are only impious or impure. And still I do not see why all sermons might not, so to speak, be so many

‘Whackwhurroos,’ as fierce against folly as you like, but yet as lively and attractive as the dove.”

“I fear,” rejoined George, “the church has unwisely made up its mind to leave all that department of instruction to the newspapers, whose articles are read because they are racy, whereas sermons are dozed over because they are dull. But still I suppose we must take what we can get; and it is only fair to the parsons to admit that there is a large body of old women of both sexes, who would be only horrified at anything approaching to a smile in church; although the Parables were anecdotes, and the Four Gospels are an ‘interesting’ biography. However, there is no use in grumbling, at either our own lot or others’ shortcomings. I fancy the best philosophy is to get into a habit of looking brightly and favorably on men and things. As to grumblers, I hold they are as bad as an old crone who murmurs at her herrings for having bones in them, or a boy who complains of his sugar-candy having a string in it; though neither fish nor candy could *be* without the string or bone. Rely upon it, as a rule, when a man grumbles, it is usually at what is only his own fault. I would liken him to an ignorant fellow handling a French and English Dictionary, and always pitching on the wrong end; if he means to ‘turn’ to the word ‘luggage,’ he finds he is at the French ‘lui’ something or other: or if he wants to fathom the French word ‘salon,’ he is sure to drop in the thick of the English part, hammering away at ‘sally-lun’ or the like: he always

gets to the wrong side of the book: and this he thinks enough to make the sweetest-tempered fellow like himself cry, Bother on it!—blaming what is only his own heedless haste. And so it is with all grumblers; they fall foul of their own faults.”

In this manner, with frank and gaysome converse, George and Cyril passed the Thursday evening, to a late hour; with their hearts attached together, more than ever, as true brothers, by the sweet thought of Maude. She had always been a blessing and a bliss to all around her. Even in early youth, her beauty and her sweet good-tempered gentleness had made her be regarded as a little angel. The loss of her three sisters had made the affections of her family cling still more earnestly to herself, and it was with ecstasy that her budding health and her beauteous development had been beheld; when the eye saw her, it blessed her! She had never been the cause of uneasiness or grief to anyone; the presence, and even the thought, of Maude, *the sweet lovely brilliant clever merry Maude*, had always been everything amiable and delightful.

And now, between her loved brother and his prized friend Cyril, the thought of this glorious girl came in, to enhance their friendship still the more, and to weld their hearts anew together, as if she was some gracious genius of love and lovely concord. Blessings on her, the darling! she is not only perfect in her person, and beauteous in her mind; her influence is also everywhere beneficent around: the best of all things, an English girl!

CHAPTER II.

ORPHEUS.

“ Our fathers, where are they ?
With all they call'd their own ;
Their joys and griefs, and hopes and cares,
And wealth and honor, gone !

There, where the fathers lie,
Must all the children dwell ;
Nor other heritage possess,
But such a gloomy cell.

God of our fathers, hear,
Thou everlasting Friend !
While we, on life's extremest verge,
Our souls to Thee commend.”

DODDRIDGE.

WHEN the fine old poet Virgil wishes to conclude a loving theme, he breaks off ingeniously, by exclaiming, “ But meanwhile time flies, time irrevocably flies ; while, captivated with ‘ love,’ we hover fondly o’er each detail.”

On this principle, we had better take note again of time, how it has been flying while we have been recording the different solutions which had to garnish the identification of the mysterious Mrs. Maude with our Jessie of Boulogne. As regards time, our history of a few minutes has only got on, through

the night, to the next morning. For, it was on Thursday (October 30) that we left the Cape of Good Hope; and, from this, we only found our way on, into Friday morning, when the 'Amaranth' was becalmed off the middle of Sandown Bay. And then under the influence of the calm, we went back to Thursday evening's sail, to describe all those explanations which arose between George and Cyril, on its being discovered that Jessie was George's only sister.

Next morning, being Friday, the same subject was pursued, so far as this, that Cyril had one more solution to arrive at. He said,—

"We have elucidated everything we could, very fully, with the exception that the testimony of Teddy is pretty reliable in general; and he, having come to me tolerably straight from Limelands, stated that the General had all the ladies of the family with him. Teddy's way of expressing it was that 'Sir William has got all his womankind with him.' How is this?"

"Teddy must have been mistaken; because he left Limelands before I did: and there were no ladies there, nor any 'womankind,' except the female servants."

"Could Teddy then have understood that for instance your mother and sister had come to your town house, in Portman Square; and that they were stopping there at the very time you were at Limelands, they having arrived in town just as you left it?"

"No; but let us ask him."

"Mr. George and I," said Cyril, when Teddy was fetched into the cabin, "have been speaking about his lady mother, and the family; nor can we quite make out where they can have been. Where were the ladies when you heard of them last?"

"In furren parts, your honor."

"But I thought you said, when you came across so neatly in the Boulogne fishing-boat, that you had just come from the General, who was then at Limelands, and that he had all his womankind with him?"

"So he had, your honor; that is, he was getting them together, quite convanient, ladies and women and all: because, you see, other people cannot do without women, as I can. He had got the women, and the ladies were on their way; and thus you may be sure of them, and feel as if you had bagged them, safe: like as, if you had a conacre of potatoes, and if you had only some of them dug up, you might say you had them all about you, because you could grab them all, with only a little digging, barring what the hoakers might steal. Or, if you had a pair of ducks on the table, and the rest asleep in the poultry-yard, you could say you had them all about you, though some of them might be flying around the pond."

"Very well, Teddy; that marks your meaning bravely: so, you had not heard of the ladies having come to London, or having crossed the herring-pond to England at all?"

"No, your honor; they were over the sea."

"At Boulogne?"

"Not that I heard tell of."

"Was it Ostend?"

"Yes, I think that's the place they were coming to."

"That will do, Teddy, my boy."

"Yes, but, your honor, Mr. George, I want to tell you about that Henry Day, whom both Floss and I consider a false spalpeen; he is putting on fresh paint everywhere. And he seems in such a fever and fluster, so nervous and excited like, boiling his things, and going on at such a rate, I am sure he is brewing mischief. Just now he had got a centre-bit, and he was evidently going to drive a hole in a place which he had no business to touch; but he stopped when he perceived that I was looking at him."

"You can quietly keep an eye on him; but I doubt if he dare do any harm."

As Teddy left the cabin, George remarked,—

"We shall have a quarrel between those two; and I think we had best get rid of Henry Day, at the Mauritius, or the first place we can."

"There is certainly an insidious air about him," said Cyril; "yet he is smart and useful: and Teddy is highly imaginative."

"Teddy is very trustworthy; though, I admit, he has a play of fancy enough to set up half a dozen modern poets."

"Yes," said Cyril, "it is in imagination that most

of our present age's bards are so deficient. I am sure I examined the other day a large handsome illustrated volume of Tennyson's smaller poems, and I could not discover a single piece or passage, in which there was even one original or graceful thought. It was all mere lame vapid babbling. When I ask for something original or graceful, I mean some touches more or less like Milton when in describing the rivers of Paradise he says, the 'crisped brooks' ran with 'mazy error;' this last word is true poetry. But our Poet Laureate never has any such beautiful expressions. As to his 'In Memoriam,' it is I think the most uncouth and tiresome doggerel ever written. Compare him, as regards genius and diction, with Pope or Gray, Cowper or Southey. What single passage is there in Tennyson, for instance, that can for a moment compete in grace with the memorial words of Ben Jonson (Epigrams, 124), 'Underneath this stone doth lie As much beauty as could die, Which in life did harbour give To more virtue than doth live.' I have just been closely conning Tennyson's 'Idylls of the King,' and I can only find one spice of genius, and that is rather queer than fine, when he says, 'As on a dull day in an ocean cave The blind wave feeling round his long sea-hall In silence.'"

"Or," said George, "look how extravagantly Wordsworth has been overpraised. He was a good man, but his talent was very small. The fairest way to judge of a work, is to read it over as a whole; and I have lately read over, at two sittings,

the entire 'poem' of the 'Excursion:' and only in three short paragraphs out of the whole nine mortal books, did I meet with anything that had the least complexion of poetry: and these three were not strictly original. One of them is where Wordsworth says, 'A Titian's hand, address'd to picture forth Oread or Dryad'; but it is from Milton (9, 387) that he gets the fine clause 'Oread or Dryad.' Such are Wordsworth's merits; second-hand and second-class. Here and there he says a pretty thing or two; but he is still a big baby all along. Milton says, 'The childhood shows the man, as morning shows the day,' from which Wordsworth borrows the idea, 'The child is father of the man;' *so it seems*, Master Wordsworth, my boy. Wordsworth is simply the Megá Nēpion of the 'Lake School.' Like a lowland brook, he goes along, babbling puerilities, with here and there a quiver of midges on the surface. If it be said that homely simplicity is more suitable, and that anything like impassioned language would be out of place; we may reply, Good poetry can never be out of place, and the commoner the subject, the more need of pure poetry to set it off. This is the glory of the Latin poet Claudian; he had no great subject, but his poetry is often exquisite. The lame lines of Horace's Sermones or Prosings, are well excused by the sterling stuff they contain; but Wordsworth's ideas are in general even more tame than their garb. Hudibras could rhyme 'philosopher' and 'Alexander Ross over'; and the ridicu-

lous words may suit the waggish thought : still, Butler's ideas are strong and witty, whatever the language may be. Yet, with a few exceptions, such as 'ecclesiastic,' 'a stick'; Hudibras would have been the better for better verse : as we feel when Butler indulges in such a fine couplet as about a man 'that complies against his will,' or where he exquisitely makes loyalty be 'True as the dial to the sun, Although it be not shined upon.' And when, in Wordsworth's 'Excursion,' the MIND of man was to be 'the main region' of his song; what could be too noble for such a subject? It is curious also that Wordsworth, who praises the gambler C. J. Fox, is quite viciously severe against the small poets. With needless acerbity he calls Roscommon, Phillips, Duke, Halifax, Granville, Congreve, and others, 'reputed magnates, writers in metre, utterly worthless and useless, except for occasions like the present, when their productions are referred to as evidence what a small quantity of brain is necessary to procure a considerable stock of admiration, provided the aspirant will accommodate himself to the likings and fashions of the day.' Is not this an exact, though spiteful, portrait of Wordsworth himself? Many would rather have the Miltonic Phillips' 'Splendid Shilling,' than all Wordsworth ever penned; witness how the classic Cowper in his 'Task' says, 'And in thy numbers, Phillips, shines for aye The solitary shilling,' reckoning him among real bards. What else has Wordsworth done but accommodate himself to the likings

and fashions of our milk-and-water day? For example, this great poet, in his great poem 'The Excursion,' descends to talking of flies 'gathering round my face, And ever with me as I paced along! Why not have taken out his blue cotton handkerchief to them? He might have gone on, and added,—

But so tremendously was I annoy'd
By those abominable flies that buzz'd
About my bottle nose, that very soon
Losing all patience, down I plunged my hand
Into the depths of my capacious pouch,
Whence I extracted, and held up on high,
My pocket-handkerchief! it was of stout
Material, made in Manchester; it cost
The sum of ninepence, for, the Muses clubb'd
A penny each to buy it for their son :
'Twas darkly, deeply, beautifully blue :
This was the cotton banner which aloft
I raised, and whirl'd it round and round again,
Jumping and roaring all the time, like mad :
Till soon the flies retreated, and went off,
Whether disgusted at the whisks of air,
Or merely moider'd at the noise I made :
I only know I was immensely pleased.

"Worse even than immortalizing the flies, Wordsworth goes on to say, 'Seeing that his hat Was moist with waterdrops, as if the brim Had newly scoop'd a running stream.' Now, if Horace affirms that not gods nor men nor booksellers can tolerate mediocrity

in a poet ; what must be said of such bathos as this stave about the waterdrops and the *hat* ? What does it even mean ? It outhierods even what Dr. Johnson indited as a sample of micrology, ‘I put my hat upon my head, And walk’d into the Strand ; and there I met another man, Whose hat was in his hand.’ Wordsworth’s drivel is worse, and might be lettered on the front of Absurdity’s foolscap, as the acme of fatuity. He scoops ; but what does he scoop ? An apple ? No, a running stream ; very well : but, with *what* does he scoop it ? With a bucket ? No. With a coalscuttle ? No. With a gourd ? No. What then ? O, he does it * * * with * * * his * * * hat !!! It is very different when Milton (4, 336) makes our first parents ‘scoop the *brimming* stream’ with the ‘*rind*’ of fruit, which was as if a cup. But Wordsworth malaprops the idea, and uses ‘the *brim*’ of his hat ! shovel hat, of course, worn by the Knave of Spades, the (brandy and) water poet of the Lakes, inspired by the ‘waterdrops’ of mountain-dew, or by the gadfly of the blue-bottle. So I may say for him,—

Hence, being rather heated with th’ exploit
 Of chasing off the memorable flies,
 I sat me down upon an upturn’d tub,
 Rubb’d my blue towel o’er my face, and drank
 A mug of buttermilk, and moralized
 Upon the hat, the waterdrops, and on
 Matters and things in general ; and went
 Humming the tune of goosey-gander, home,

To browse upon my usual evening mess,
My simple supper, stirabout and cream :
And then, before 'twas time to go to bed,
Took pen, and wrote my day's Excursion down,
Recording every trifling little act,
Just as the nonsense filter'd through my head.

“ However, as Wordsworth is a good old soul, I will shake hands with his shade, and let myself down easy, in the following (original) impromptu prosaic ode:—

“ Weep not, nursling of the lyre ; time must prove the strains of fire. Take Time's records ; look and learn : thence the pungent fact discern, that the current world's award to its own pet puny bard, has to be reversed, before e'en a few short years are o'er. Rhymers of the Blackmore brand were the laureates of the land ; but they soon and surely sank to the mere weak wind-bag rank : such thy fate, O Meredith, Browning, Tennyson, and Smith ! Poets now of high degree, first in fame, we sadly see, in their lifetime were consign'd to neglect or cares unkind. Homer begs ; and Milton gains stones in Bread Street for his pains : wins he quartern-loaves and beef ? Nay, not e'en Poor-Law relief ; no nice gruel, no lobsouse, ne'er an 'order for the house' : five pounds for his epic blast, ten more paltry pounds at last : spurn'd by Court and 'Row,' he dies : men were blinder than his eyes. Left was Shakespeare to expend in retirement, ere his end, years, without retouching o'er

all his wondrous nature's store. But dull Wordsworth is admired, and by all the tourists tired, who beset like dogs the door of the small meat-merchant's store, barking for renown's riff-raff, for a bone of autograph. True his lays, on cabbage oft, like rain-water, though too soft, never taste as if defiled by Byronic fancies wild; notwithstanding, Time shall soon stab him with a silver spoon."

Such was the cheerful style of conversation which engaged Cyril and George, during the calm and sluggish hours of Friday morning.

The day was so still and tranquil, the three cannon of the 'Amaranth' were got up; the object was, to have some fun in practising at floating targets, (though this was not done, after all). Busy as Teddy was, he kept an eye to watch Henry Day. Later, about the afternoon, a very slight breeze sprang up, so that the yacht got along at a slow pace.

As evening drew on, four or five vessels were seen astern; whether they had touched at the Cape or else were coming round the elbow of Africa without stopping, they were now bringing a better breeze along with them. They were therefore regarded with glances of pleasure, because they seemed to promise that a fine fair wind would soon salute the sails of the 'Amaranth.'

Another vessel was seen coming from another quarter, in such a way that she would cross the course of the other ships; and probably, it was imagined, she would be a South Sea whaler, making

for the Cape of Good Hope. Although she was a considerable distance off, the vessel, a large one, was noted as having every characteristic of a whale-ship. It was observed also that a smoke proceeded from this vessel, almost as if she were a steamer, though she apparently had no funnel; and as she made no signals of distress, and kept calmly and steadily on, it was presumed that there was no accident, and that the smoke proceeded from "natural causes."

But now all eyes on board were keenly attracted to the group of vessels which were following the 'Amaranth,' and though the shades of evening were rather rapidly falling, these vessels were seen to be six in number; while now among them, lo! one ship quickly towered conspicuously, seeming to rise above the others, clapping on canvas, studding-sails, sky-scrapers, and all, with a grandeur of precision and suddenness, that betokened the power of many hands.

Captain Tyne was gazing at her, and Cyril and George were standing one at each side of him; when he exclaimed, "A man-of-war: English." He soon added, "It is just such a vessel as Her Majesty's ship 'Orpheus,' eighteen-gun brig" (three-masted). And he immediately continued, "I believe it is the very same man-of-war that made the signal to us when we were scudding out of Ferrol."

Knowing how little likely it was that such a man as Captain Tyne would be mistaken on such a point, both Cyril and George were much excited by this intelligence, because the man-of-war, as bringing

the breeze, would possibly overtake the 'Amaranth,' and thus would the mysterious summons at Ferrol be elucidated, perhaps unpleasantly. So, George, making a virtue of necessity, remarked to Captain Tyne, "I suppose if they have anything to say to us, we had better see what it is?"

Before Captain Tyne could respond, a most singular expedient was resorted to, by the war-like vessel; she with her full cloud of canvas looked like some magnificent pageant: and now the very loftiest sail, of all her proud array, was suddenly dropped, then raised again: dropped, and raised again: dropped, and raised again!!!

This triple beckoning was executed with the utmost exactitude of measured movement, and had a most startling effect; it seemed to speak to the heart in thunder, and command, "Stop!"

One of the old men-of-war's men here came up, and, most respectfully, said to Captain Tyne, "May I say to your honor, that I have heard of Captain Cochrane (Lord Dundonald) doing that same."

But, the strange problem was, For *whom* was the signal meant? It could not have been intended for any of the other vessels, because they were comparatively so near to the man-of-war, that there would be something quite unsuitable in such a signal, which was only consonant with a far-off object. Therefore none but the 'Amaranth' could be pointed at.

Accordingly, in compliance with the spirit of George's remark, Captain Tyne gave the order for

the yacht to be hove to; and as her main top-gallant sail was the highest canvas the 'Amaranth' was carrying at the time, this sail was drooped: and all this had an air of haughty civility, as if evincing a sufficient amount of submission to the man-of-war's behests. It as if said, "Your signal, being informal and unusual, is a call of courtesy; and therefore we will wait your pleasure."

It was now almost too dark for such observations; but, no sooner had the yacht stopped and (as if) made her bow, than at once the man-of-war was seen to slue round, and display her broadside slightly, so as to let her "teeth" be a little visible: and instantly the white puff of a gun was descried: and it showed how dark the evening (now overcast) had become, since the flash of the discharge quite glared on the eye. Another and another gun followed, at rather quick intervals. The sound had not yet reached the yacht; since (in round numbers) the speed of Sound is five seconds of time, for every mile of space. But when the report at last came, it had the keen irate ring of a shotted gun; but probably the gun *was* shotted, merely to make the report more emphatic and more distinguishable so far off.

Almost before the second gun gave forth its cloud of white smoke, Captain Tyne, with that quickness which he always evinced, sang out, "Stand by, to repeat signal;" and at once the three guns were got ready, and loaded with blank cartridge. Teddy was busy with the locks of the guns; and Henry Day

(though Floss growled at him) had crept up near Captain Tyne, and was devouring all the incidents with deep attention.

Now that the report of the guns came up, they were perceived to be evidently very heavy guns, with a grand hard iron clang. But it was now observed that the cannonade was going on, along the whole nine guns of the man-of-war's larboard side; the discharge of the nine guns was however delivered in triplets, of three shots each: it was,—crash', cràsh, crash': boom', boom', boom': ban'g, ban'g, bang'!

The regularity of this fulmined chime was amazing, and was as harmonical as any peal ever played by joybells; it seemed to suggest whether such a tune as "God Save the Queen" could not actually be played by ordnance of different calibres.

George was immensely surprised, and with impassioned eagerness he said, clapping his hands thrice impulsively, "Let us answer them, like that." And so, at Captain Tyne's order, the three guns were fired, in *one* triplet, as a very fair echo to the man-of-war, retorting the bang-bang-bang! with sufficient unison; although indeed the roar of the concluding thirty-two pounder was quite an overpowering finale to the two twelve pounders: it was a bob-major peal of ding, ding, *dong*! with a vengeance. The yacht thus still maintained her stately dignity, by only returning the one round of three discharges, in replication to the war-ship's importunate nine.

Doubtless the whaler and the merchantmen were astonished to see that such a dandy little vessel as the yacht was provided with such a weighty armament, and was so well prepared to give any felonious customer a taste of her quality.

However this may have been, George seized Cyril by the arm, and drew him towards the cabin, which they had no sooner reached, than George ejaculated, wildly,—

“I know not how to trust my eyes and ears! Such a symphony as that, such a descant, played by the cannon of a Queen’s ship, is out of all course, and is quite contrary to all conceivable order; yet, *there*, we have seen it, and heard it: so, there must be some special reason for it all.

“And, do you know,” continued George, “the nine-fold noise brings me back perforce to the usages of my own home; to give *that* signal, either with a handbell, or with clappers, or by clapping the hands, has always been a custom of ours, meaning, Come to dinner, or, Come down stairs, or, You are wanted. How often have I called in Maude from the gardens, with that identical acclamation, gonging my hands together, clap-clap-clap, clap-clap-clap, clap-clap-clap, always nine times, with a sort of Kentish Fire; how often has my mother or Maude clapped as a message to me, in the same way. It is quite an accepted challenge or interpellation in my family. And here is this ship, following us, stopping us, and using that very formula to *my* yacht. It is a home appeal! There must be some

of my circle in that man-of-war ; and who can it be but my father ? ”

“ Then,” cried Cyril, “ it was he who tried to stop us as we left Ferrol.”

“ Yes, and he has not been able to come up with us before, because of the necessity for repairs to the ship at Ferrol. Doubtless the man-of-war has not touched at the Cape, but has stemmed right on, and has only caught us now because of our getting becalmed.”

“ Then your mother and Maude are there too ? ”

“ That does not follow ; they may be staying at home altogether : or they may be coming out afterwards, overland, at their leisure. I cannot make it out at all.”

“ But,” enquired Cyril, “ may it not be, that there is only a message sent you by this ship, and not that any of your family are actually in it ? ”

“ No, there would not be as it were, pressure or leverage or influence enough, to get *that* done by a Queen’s ship ; nor is the change from the plain signals of Ferrol, to these domestic tokens, compatible with any other interpretation, than that my father is here, following us.”

“ The balance of argument leans that way, certainly,” said Cyril ; “ and, may it not be the case, that the Government at home offered your father, as so honored a public servant, a passage in this ship of war, which was I imagine put at his service ? Thus *his* wish would have been enough to induce the captain of the brig of war, to give that order to

us at Ferrol; nor would the General have anticipated that we should have been so irritated at it, and have taken it so ill. And hence, knowing our sailing qualities, and almost despairing of catching us, and perceiving that we had no notion of obeying anybody, it would seem as if your father consulted and planned, how, should he ever get within any sort of hailing reach of us, he would coax us somehow to pull up, and pause; and thus the plan was, *to clap hands for us with cannon.*"

"Maude's own idea, I'll be bound," shouted George.

"Then, she's there," said Cyril vehemently.

"I don't know, though," replied George; "I fear *not*, after all."

"But, why should they be divided? Why should not the same ship, which brings one, bring all? Why should not the ladies of your family, as well as your father, avail themselves of so prime an escort?"

"May be so; unless they are staying quietly in England. At all events, it is absolutely indubitable and certain, that my father is in that ship; because, no one else would be either likely, or in a position, to get the captain of such a gallant vessel to make such unheard-of and irregular signals, with such a strong home flavor, and to open such a hue and cry after our yacht."

Cyril then stepped on deck to ascertain whether there were any more messages, and he returned to the cabin to tell George that there were none. And while the two friends were discussing the

whole matter, it was curious how different were the ideas of the crew.

As for Captain Tyne he came into the cabin, at George's request, and he agreed with his idea about General Thornton at once ; he said it explained everything : the demonstration with the nine guns was certainly not according to any articles of war or any naval code of signals : but then, it was equally immethodical for an English man-of-war to arrest or accost an English yacht in any peremptory guise whatsoever. Still, the captain of such a war-ship had considerable latitude and freedom of action ; and if he had on board as his special passenger such a statesman as Sir William Thornton, of so high an administrative position, and proceeding to his sphere of government, then, *his* slightest request would be enough : and, if there was any personal reason why he should desire it, the man-of-war would signal that way, all night, or do anything else imaginable that he wished : as doubtless there would be good solid reasons for all. Nor, on board the brig, was it certain that the 'Amaranth' would stop now, any more than did she at Ferrol ; and in fact, if they got the full breeze, it was very probable that so fast a sailer as the 'Amaranth' would not be overtaken at all, and would have the 'Orpheus' more than hull down, before morning. Hence a playful friendly mode of stoppage was the only practicable one ; and as no one but the General could want to give the signal, so it must be given by *him*.

Such was the substance of Captain Tyne's opinion ;

and as he thought it would look well, for the 'Amaranth,' as the present current of wind permitted it, to retrace her way a little towards the 'Orpheus,' Captain Tyne went on deck to give the requisite orders.

But, as for the crew, to whom the idea of General Thornton had not occurred, two different interpretations of the late scene were rife.

One opinion was, that some tremendous criminal must be on board; and therefore the man-of-war¹ under the direct orders of the Lord Chief Justice of England, was overhauling them, to find the wretch out, and wring his neck like a spring chicken. But, who could the culprit be? There seemed to be a readiness to apportion the guilt to Henry Day; but then, as fair play's a jewel, it was conceded that this could not be so, as he had been shipped at Ferrol, and the 'Orpheus' made its signal there, before it could be known they had him. Was it not thus that a man-of-war had been despatched to stop the out-going steamer which was supposed to have the murderous Mannings on board? On the whole, it was felt, as then, so now, it would be found to be a mare's nest; since not only the fame of the two shipmates who had been lost was good, but also all the crew were conscious of being men of good character, and it is curious how such a consciousness of integrity makes its own way around.

The remaining impression was, that it must be Cyril who was wanted. The crew had a high opinion both of him and of his importance. He was a

good sailor, he was immensely clever, he was very rich and handsome, and could talk like a lawyer or a parson, and he was going to give them a treat, and he was just come to all his honors as Earl of Evelyn. Surely then the Queen's ship was coming from the Queen herself, God bless her! by her own written orders, sending for his Lordship to go home at once, and become one of the cabinet, as Lord Gold Stick, or Lord Privy Sealingwax, or something of that sort.

So conclusive did this idea seem, that just as Captain Tyne came out of the cabin, the warm-hearted fellows, with Teddy as fogleman, had got up three hearty cheers, for his honor's glory, the Earl.

Captain Tyne, whose discipline was strict but not harsh or severe, laughed, and gave his orders for the yacht to go slowly to meet the 'Orpheus;' keeping a good look-out.

"But," said Cyril to George, "can you imagine why it is, that, presuming your father is there, on board; he can be so earnest and determined to check us, and come within reach? Must there not be some strong reason, more than the mere natural desire to confer with you, and make the rest of the voyage in company?"

"No, I think *that* would suffice. Besides, in consequence of his not going overland, he may be going first somewhere we would not think of, and all of which we ought to know. Perhaps there is some important commission he wants to entrust to me. Above all, my mother is queen of all hearts, wher-

ever she goes ; and if she is there, you must remember that she knows, before now, that Cyril Grosvenor is in this yacht. And your Jessie knows, and doubtless Lady Thornton knows, that the hero of Boulogne is 'Cyril,' the same Cyril of course. And, if my mother wants to make it up with *you*, she would, if the whole Channel Fleet was there, not be long in inducing everybody to be proud to gratify her. The stopping us is chiefly my mother's doing ; and the Kentish Fire was the idea of Maude, that's poz."

"To think," said Cyril, "that Jessie is perhaps so near us !"

"If she is, how delighted she and my mother will be, at the *signal* success of their marine manœuvres. From such a triumph of a lady's telegraphy, I can fancy, that, if the abortive appeal to us at Ferrol was my father's or the captain's, my mother will glory over my dear dad, and infer, that if captains of men-of-war only had their wives and daughters with them, they would get on much better, and be much more 'cute,' and more effective in their tactics.

"And yet," continued George, "although it stultifies both my own arguments and wishes, I could almost give way to my fear, that a far different key may be the true one. For, may it not as well be the case, that only my father is on board ; and my mother and sister have stayed in London, as it would have hurried them too much, to embark so precipitately as my father had to do ? And so he

has wanted to stop us, because the plan is, that we should go back for them, and bring them out to the East——”

“*A Ship on fire!*” was the awful tidings, interrupting the reveries of George and Cyril. They rushed to the deck. It was now dark night. A dull red glare was visible ahead, evidently flame struggling with dense smoke. The glare looked all the greater, since the evening, though pretty calm, had become heavily clouded.

“What ship is it?”

“We cannot make out,” replied Captain Tyne; “all the vessels had got so much to the same quarter: it might be any one of them.”

It was remarkable that the glare did neither increase nor decrease; it remained equable, as if betokening that the conflagration was not making head. Were there then most vigorous efforts made to extinguish the fire? And would those exertions be successful?

Everyone on board the yacht was surprised to see that the fire neither became greater or less. At length one of the veteran seamen came up, and, making a leg, and pulling at his forelock, asked permission from Captain Tyne (who had Cyril and George beside him) to make a remark to him. This being granted, the worthy seaman, whose name was Rudolf Hutchinson, said, if the captain and the gentlemen would not think him too forward, he would make bold to say, he did not think it was a ship on fire at all. Had not their honors remarked

the whaler coming along, with the smoke streaming from her? She was then merely (as one might say) boiling her kettle; and, now that night had come on, pretty calmly, she would light up her coppers all the brighter, and melt the blubber, which these vessels always think can be done better by night than in the day-time.

Old Rudolf added, that if the captain would not think he wanted to spin too long a yarn, he could mention a case which might help to explain what they saw. Captain Tyne told him he should be happy to hear it; so the fine old salt took out his quid, and let drive with his tale.

CHAPTER III.

ENRIQUE.

“ Great cause of all, above, below ;
 Who knows Thee, must for ever know
 Thou art immortal and divine !
 Thine image, on my soul imprest,
 Of endless being is the test,
 And bids eternity be mine.

Transporting thought ! but am I sure
 That endless life will joy secure ?
 Joys only to the just decreed !
 The guilty wretch, expiring, goes
 Where vengeance endless life bestows,
 That endless misery may succeed.”

HAWKESWORTH.

THE illustration which old Rudolf had to offer, was as follows. He said,—

“ My father was, in December 1805, on board the ‘*Belliqueux*,’ 64-gun ship, whose captain was the Hon. George Byng, afterwards Viscount Torrington. The ‘*Belliqueux*’ was part of the force that was sent to recapture the Cape of Good Hope. The fleet consisted of about seventy sail, and carried ten thousand men of all arms. One evening, soon after dark, when there was no moon, and the weather was

fine, the men on the look-out reported, 'A light, right ahead!' soon after, the word was, that it was a 'ship on fire.' Immediately the whole fleet became excited; because there is always a ready feeling among seamen to save life. Some of the officers of the 'Belliqueux' at once began to make humane arrangements, that if any 'poor fellows' were saved from the burning ship, they should be clothed and cared for. The boats were got out from almost every ship; some of the men-of-war and Indiamen sent two or three boats each. There must have been much above a hundred boats in all. The boats pulled away, with a will, the officers standing up in the stern sheets, and saying, 'Give way, my lads, for life and death, to save the poor fellows!' The boats were soon a long way in advance of the fleet, as it was smooth water, with only a three-knot breeze. But in the ship where the light was, the skipper (as he told one of our officers afterwards) called all his men around him, and said, 'I have heard for some time a strange noise to windward, louder and louder, just like the rowing of boats; but, *that* we know is impossible, because we are out in the ocean, three hundred miles from the Cape, the nearest land.' Soon after, he cried out to his men, 'Sure enough, it *is* the sound of boats; O, we are undone: I can spy all the sea there in a foam!' In a few minutes more, the boats were all about him. He roared out, 'Where on earth have ye all come from? All the boats in the world are here I believe.' One of the

lieutenants asked, 'What are you?' and the answer was, 'A South Sea whaler.' It seems, they had killed a fine fish some days before, and having secured it alongside, they had furled all the sails, and taken all precautions against fire; and now they were melting the blubber on deck in a great boiler, round which they had safely made an enormous fire, and they were filling casks below with train-oil. He was then hailed, 'Where are you from?' and he replied, 'From Hull;' but his north-country pronunciation made the word 'Hull' sound exactly like 'Hell:' and the idea of the flaming ship coming from Hell, produced a regular shout of laughter throughout all the boats. Some one also sang out, 'Very like a whale.' The skipper then made a little speech to us: 'Well, my kind fellows,' said he, 'I thank you, and every ship's company you come from, for meaning to help us; I only wish I could give each of you a glass of grog, all round: but, here goes, with three cheers!' and the cheers were given heartily by his greasy crew. Our men gave him a jolly cheer back; and in an hour after, the boats had all returned and were hoisted in, and the fleet bore on for the Cape.

"Now, perhaps," continued the old seaman, "like as it was then thought that the oil-ship was a ship on fire; so also now this whaler may be deceiving the eye in the same way."

Old Rudolf now retired, in high glee, not only because he had managed to tell his story, which is always a treat to an old tar; but also because his

tale was so well received, since "the gentlemen" seemed to consider that his illustration made all clear. And, for a few minutes more, his view appeared to be borne out by the aspect of things.

But, with the usual fate of clever theorists, his ideas soon found no seconders; since, at about five or six points to the left of the blaze, a smaller light was descried with a night-glass, by Teddy, who declared that this smaller glare was the whaler. And, sad to say, a few minutes after, a long clear yellow flame rose by degrees out of the midst of the red light, only too plainly proclaiming that it *was* a ship on fire, and that the ruthless flames were unhappily gaining the mastery.

There must have been a circuit or eddy of wind; for, although the 'Amaranth' had turned back on her course, she now had a tolerable breeze astern; and all sail was made on the 'Amaranth,' so as to come up to the scene of the disaster as soon as possible.

Terrible to behold, the raging flames were now gaining entire ascendancy; and now the rigging and sails were burning: but it was remarked that the gear seemed small, and the sails few: yet possibly the spars and sails had been cut away, for safety sake.

The awful question was, What ship is it, that is afire? Is it the 'Orpheus,' with her precious freight? Or is it one of the large trading vessels?

Now however the fire itself seemed to give its own direful witness; for now while all eyes were

straining at the blaze, the ship blew up ! *than which* no spectacle can be more horrible to behold, at any time, but still worse at night. The whole black hull of the hapless vessel was distinctly to be traced, like a dark bar on the sea ; and then, out of this, as if out of a throat, up rose the broad crimson flood of flame, like a volley or sluice, up into the skies, and streaming out on both sides at the angle of the ship's stern and bow. This broad bright hideous sheet of flame, like a fan of fire, seemed to rave and ravin out upwards, far into the cloven firmament ; in shape like the massive blade of a hatchet, with the edge upwards, all sheer fire ! And, amid all this furnace, like black streaks on the red blast, were to be seen dark riven objects, doubtless the masts or portions of the wreck, with perhaps human bodies, tossed on high, and showing like the masses of rock which are hurled aloft during an eruption of Vesuvius. The whole scene told of utter withering destruction.

And now the dull deep roar of the explosion came along, with a concussion of the whole air ; as if the huge hoarse *howl* was the bellowing of some bottomless pit, insatiably demanding *all* to be a prey. The explosion was so vast and overpowering, there was no hope tenable, that it could be other than the war-ship, the 'Orpheus.' Some trading vessels indeed carry considerable quantities of powder ; and it might perhaps even be suggested that possibly the vessel that had blown up, was a merchantman that had a cargo of gunpowder on board. But, any

such hope would be only vain and futile self-deception. The broad staring fact was, that it must have been the man-of-war that had taken fire and exploded.

The interval of time also which had elapsed between the ship's catching fire (probably near her powder magazine) and her blowing up, was so excessively brief; there seemed fearful reason to apprehend that there would not have been time to take measures for the safety of the crew. And even if the boats were of course got out, it seemed terribly doubtful whether they could have gone far enough away from the vortex of the explosion, to have reached a position of any safety.

Tortured by such harrowing doubts, and aghast with alarm, George could only clasp his hands together, and adjure Captain Tyne to keep right on to the scene of ruin, to see if any sufferers could be picked up. And then George tottered into the cabin; and Cyril seemed even more overcome with sickening dismay, though he managed to falter out, "They will have taken to the boats." There was however too much sincerity always subsisting between George and Cyril, for there to be any attempt to doubt what ship it was; the matter was too obvious: it was tacitly agreed, that it could only be the 'Orpheus.' Cyril's suggestion about the boats seemed to carry no comfort to George, who stared vacantly at his friend, as his only reply, and as if he had become bereft of intellect, through the suddenness of the shock. The scene of the explosion must be still

three or four miles off; and this was the reason why George for the moment sought the retirement of the cabin, as nothing could yet be done: and perhaps he could thus collect thought, as to what would be the best measures to pursue.

Cyril tried also to create some hope, by suggesting, that some of the other vessels were tolerably near to the scene of the burning ship; and these ships with their boats would have been sure to have come round the fire, to rescue the people, and pick all up.

Cyril might say this, and George might listen to it; but it was evident that to neither of them did it carry any consolation. The two young men sat cowering at each other, almost stupefied with consternation. And O how willingly would they now, if they could, recant or discredit all the joyful persuasions in which they had so lately been indulging. O if they now could only convince themselves that neither General Thornton nor any of his circle had been in that lost ship!

All this while amid the succession of events so calculated to distract attention, Henry Day had enjoyed abundant opportunities for carrying out any evil aims he may have been brooding over. He had his own place quite to himself, with plenty of elbow-room to do as he liked, good or evil. And yet, at the last moment which we have reached, Teddy had resumed his keen watch over him, as he thought his ways so strange. For while almost all the other yachtsmen were in a cluster together, dis-

cussing the late catastrophe, Teddy (who knew nothing about any of the Thorntons being supposed to be in the 'Orpheus,') observed that Henry Day was by himself, and was stooping down, with a light. Teddy therefore went towards him, and stooped down also, and crept noiselessly near him; and Teddy managed to get on some spar or boom, so as to swarm or work himself forward, along it, close up to him, till he was almost able to look over his shoulder and see what he was about. To his surprise, he saw, that he was praying!

He had beside him a small lamp, one of those little Spanish lanterns that fold up flat like a book. Henry Day at his prayers! Teddy thought of Encelade's devotions, and all the trouble that ensued. Looking again, Teddy perceived that what Henry Day held up before him, was a small thin illuminated volume, of only a very few pages, but apparently a manuscript, on parchment. There were some words, probably Latin, which Teddy could not make out; the words were grouped somewhat like poetry, and doubtless it was some litany or rosary affair: there was also a blue and red picture of the Virgin and Child. This book Henry Day was holding up, and mumbling to himself some intercession from it, in a very rapt and self-engrossed manner, which may have contributed to make him fail to notice the approach of Teddy, who indeed had drawn nigh as warily as an ocelot.

Looking again sharply, Teddy could discover a name traced on the top of the open page of the tiny

missal, as if the name had been somewhat recently written there for him by some donor. Teddy at once concluded that this manual had been given to Henry Day, as a sort of periapt or amulet, by the priest, whom he had seen through the telescope.

Teddy spelt out the name, which was written in large distinct letters. No sooner had he deciphered it, than Teddy moved or wriggled back silently along the boom, and got off it, and with all haste sped away to the cabin.

Now, here, like as in the case of Encelade, it would have been wiser if Teddy had stopped to keep watch, instead of hurrying off to report. However, we have to deal, not with what ought to have been, but with what was.

Teddy flew to the cabin door, and gave a slight knock, but did not wait for an answer; at once he entered, and then closed the cabin door, saying, "Pardon me, my masters."

Teddy's manner, on thus entering the cabin, was so flighty and excited, he might be supposed to be out of his senses. Nor did this seem any the less likely, from his next style of proceeding; for now he stretched out his hand to one of the decanters, which were on the table, as they were always set there every evening, though they were not often made any use of: and then Teddy also took a wine-glass, and poured some red wine in it.

Cyril and George looked at him with wonderment blended with the exhaustion which was caused by grief; they were, both of them, too agonized to take

much umbrage at such unusual freedom on the part of one who ordinarily was so deferential and respectful: and who indeed had sometimes sat for an hour at a time in that cabin, when he was *asked* to come in and take a glass of wine.

Teddy however did not lift the glass to his lips, but simply dabbed his forefinger into the wine in the glass, as a Norman noble would have dipped his glove in ink to 'make his mark'; and then Teddy began to draw some very large letters with his wet finger on the polished table. The letters shone out brightly and legibly in the lamp-light; and the legend was "ENRIQUE DE."

"Please," said Teddy, "read what is this?"

George read the wet letters, as *Enrique De*.

"What is the meaning of that?"

"It is part of a name; it is the Spanish for *Henry of*."

"But how would you pronounce itself in English?"

"*Henry deh, or da*."

"Just so," cried Teddy, "*Henry Day*; that's what his name is. I have just seen it written down, as his own name, in the little mass-book he has, and which doubtless was given him as a charm by the priest at Ferrol, (of whom I told Mr. Cyril,) to spirit the Spaniard up for any bad work. And I have just this moment caught him hard at work praying, preparatory (of course) to some bit of downright popish devilry, which he means instantly to practise on us, probably to serve us out, as I be-

lieve his father has just destroyed the 'Orpheus': so he ought to be put in irons, or hung at least. For, what do you think" [Teddy almost shrieked] "is his third name, which comes after Enrique de? It is" [and Teddy here wrote it large with the red wine on the table]—"it is 'CABANAS.'

"Yes," shouted Teddy, almost deliriously, "Henry Day is Enrique de *Cabanas*."

"Kill him!" vociferated George, losing all command of himself, with indignation, and in sheer abhorrence of such a wretch, such a monster, who had so often joined with his father Alfonso, in frantic endeavors to massacre all the Thorntons.

"*The 'Amaranth' is on fire,*" was the appalling cry that now met the ears of George and Cyril, as Teddy rushed out of the cabin. But Teddy thought more of slaughter than of fire; feeling, as he did, that there had been enough murderous attempts made at Pinwell and Limelands, by both Alfonso and Enrique, to warrant the destruction of the whole Cabanas lineage, were they ten thousand people, instead of being only two men, father and son.

Teddy now saw into the whole bearing of the plot which had been organized by old and young Cabanas with the priest; and Teddy believed that there never could be a case of justifiable homicide if this were not one.

The '*Amaranth*' was on fire, and most formidably so, since the flames seemed at once to have taken fierce hold of the vessel. And thus also were the

full machinations of Enrique revealed ; here was the reason of all his paintings, as an "artist," and hence was it that he made those artful borings with the centrebit, which holes he had primed, with the view if possible to reach the magazine. With this object was it, that he had smeared all his pigments about, and had poured out his store of turpentine as widely as possible ; and then, after his prayers, he took his little Spanish lamp, and set fire to this fatal train, with the instincts of a truly devilish incendiary, and he was only too successful : for there was as if instantaneously, a fierce conflagration, both about the deck, and also below, seeming to reach as it were at once to the very vitals of the yacht.

It would appear as if Enrique's courage had almost failed him, and that he had been long hesitating about the dire deed. He could not have known for certain that his father Alfonso was on board the 'Orpheus ;' yet he could see, just as all the crew could, that the man-of-war which had made signals at Ferrol, had also been making signs here, as if carrying an intimate friend of the Thorntons. He also had abundant chances to elicit from the crew, that George's father (General Thornton) was going to the East, as the 'Amaranth' was. Hence he might easily infer that General Thornton had unexpectedly put into Ferrol ; and if so, Enrique could be sure that such a keen and determined man as his father Alfonso, would find the facts out, and would offer himself as an English sailor, and be gladly accepted, like as Enrique was in the 'Ama-

ranth.' It was therefore no great stretch of ratiocination for him to conclude that the arson of the 'Orpheus' was Alfonso's act against the Thorntons. This would spur Enrique to take the like step. He could see that he was generally regarded with suspicion; and as for Teddy and Floss, they made a habit of watching him. So the burning of the man-of-war would as if tell him, 'Now, if ever, is your time!' Accordingly he fortified himself by heathenish orisons and orgies with his breviary-book; and the dismay of all at the loss of the 'Orpheus,' left him full and free scope to do the deed.

It appears almost incredible for such desperate hardihood and daring to be in any heart, as for a young man like Henry Day to enter a ship thus, only in order to destroy both it and possibly himself also with it. Yet, what will not superstition, fanaticism, and revenge impel a bad man to undertake?

As Teddy sprang from the cabin, he did not stop to join Captain Tyne and the crew, who had begun to take what steps they could to check the growing flames. Teddy rushed up to where, as we saw, the boarding-pikes were sometimes—and they were now—arranged vertically around one of the masts, like a bale of javelins, the bright points being upwards; and he seized the pike or lance which was his favorite one. It was taller than the others, the shaft being made of strong stout log-wood, five feet long; and the head was a bright three-edged or bayonet blade. It was a tremendous weapon, and

Teddy knew well how to use it. He had more than once transfixed wild beasts with it.

Enrique now was standing near where the fire was burning the fiercest; and he was trying stealthily to get out the smallest of the boats, the captain's gig or skiff, hoping to glide away sily, and save himself thus if possible.

Teddy rushed at him, and poised the boarding-pike aloft, and then hurled it at him with indescribable energy.

But, it is with the deepest regret I have to record, that at the very instant when Teddy was casting the bolt at him, and just as it left Teddy's hand, Enrique, having turned himself round to face Teddy, drew from his breast a pistol, with a long barrel, and which, though fitted only with a flint lock, was inlaid with silver and accurately formed; and pointing the pistol at Teddy, Enrique fired, with only too true an aim! The bullet, sad to say, struck Teddy in the breast, and passed through the lungs, inflicting a wound which was mortal, though it might have let him linger for a while. But poor Teddy was not even to have this much of a respite from death; for, Enrique had already opened or swung back part of the side of the yacht, to facilitate his getting out the boat: the opening moved on hinges like a door: and Teddy, rushing forward when struck, fell headlong through this gap, into the sea, and sank at once.

Nor was his body ever afterwards seen. He passed away as tracelessly as he had come! From

first to last, there was mystery concerning him, in everything except his good qualities ; of these alone there was no question.

How strange was his whole career. His birth was shrouded in an impenetrable veil. He was picked up by charity, as if he were an outcast or a foundling ; yet he was supposed to be of gentle and honorable blood, and he was cherished with partiality in lordly halls, under a sense of the deepest obligation, and was treated almost as a brother by young men of noble lineage. He was clever, though uneducated ; a servant, yet a gentleman : a seaman, yet rich and free. His chief joy was to do good to others around him ; his heart was ever ready to melt at any tale of woe, while still his fierceness against tyranny or hypocrisy was extreme. How pure was his devotion to those who loved him ; how true his heroism, how unwavering his fidelity. He was a being of gratitude and genial impulses, and his spirit was all a passion of faithfulness and love. Thus he gave a fine example of that character, than which I conceive none is more estimable, *the warm-souled chivalric honest-hearted Irishman.*

None but Captain Tyne and Cyril happened to perceive his fate ; and thus did Teddy pass away into eternity, as if he were some bright insubstantial vision, too fair to last, and too generous to endure. His life had been one of sterling services ; and now his final dealing was to inflict righteous retribution on one of the direst of assassins. Nor can home society ever arm itself with juster right to punish,

than was possessed by Teddy on the spot, before the witnessing ocean waves, and before GOD the Judge.

Well done, good and faithful servant. I am sure my eyes are almost blinded with irrepressible tears, so that I can scarce see the page before me, while I recite the sad and sudden fate of the good and gallant Teddy, so young and beautiful, so lively and so true. I would but adopt for him the words which Byron wrote as an epitaph on Henry Kirke White,—

“No marble marks thy couch of lowly sleep,
But living statues there are seen to weep;
Affliction’s semblance bends not o’er thy tomb,
Affliction’s self deplores thy youthful doom.”

But if Teddy died, he perished not unavenged; and it was his own stricken strength which vindicated itself on the destroyer. It will have been perceived that it was at the very moment *after* the boarding-pike was lanced by Teddy, that the fatal bullet struck him. But the retributive spear was already on its way! swift and unerring as the lightning gleam. We have spoken before of the extraordinary potency of Teddy’s arm; *that* arm was *all* indomitable strength, and the sinews seemed to be actual strands of steel. And now, all that amazing vigor was nerved and intensified the more by his deep detestation of the detected murderer, traitor, and incendiary; yes, all the thews of that stalwart arm were strung with the concentrated indignation of many a past year. So when he rushed at Enrique, brandishing the trenchant lance, Teddy delivered it

with a force that *would not have been unworthy of the right hand of Diomedes or Agamemnon*. It flew, and as Enrique had turned himself round to shoot, it took him full in the front, but low down in his body; in fact, the pike penetrated through him, at that part of the abdomen which is between the hip and the ribs. There, the narrow steel passed through him close to the spine, but not touching any bone.

Right through the flesh and intestines, the glittering spear pierced, inflicting a wound, which would indeed not instantly cause death, but which would have been incapable of cure, even if it had been only a clean rapier thrust; since a deep wound of the abdomen causes certain though often lingering death. But Teddy's boarding-pike had been cast with such incalculable fury, that it was buried a full cubit through the double planking of the side of the yacht. For, in order to get out the little boat for himself, Enrique had swung the part of the side that opened, back on its hinges (as we described), like a door or shutter; and it was against this doubled part of the gunwale he had happened to be, and it was through both these bulwarks that the missile won its way, perforating *both* the plankings, which were a little apart, so that the lance stood rigidly steadfast: and thus Enrique was held immovable. He was pinned to the vessel; indeed, he was stuck through as thoroughly as if he was trussed upon a spit.

He took hold of the pike, and tried to draw it

out; but he might as well have endeavored to unroot a giant oak, or to tear out a screw-bolt with his teeth. He tried then to break the log-wood shaft, but in vain, for it was both elastic and strong; he could not have snapped it, even with his full strength. And now, although indeed but little blood flowed (except inwardly) from his wound, the shock to the whole frame was such as to leave him, though capable of motion, still with greatly reduced powers, and weak and helpless as a child.

He then tried to push himself right through, up the spear, on and along it, so as to work himself off it altogether. But, not only was this impossible because of the strong spear's having a slant upwards, as Teddy had driven it downwards at him; but also, a good way on towards the blade of the pike, at the proper place for poisoning it, there was as if a handle, or a portion of the shaft left a little thicker than the rest: this part stood out about three-eighths of an inch, and the handle was here scored all round diagonally with cross-cut lines, like those on the ivory hilt of a sword or on the grip part of a fowling-piece. This projection, though so slight, operated like a barb against Enrique; and it was now close up to his body, so deeply had the pike passed through him. He could not worm himself off the dark red wood.

He could thus only writhe, and claw, and struggle feebly, upon the inexorable pikestaff. He was fastened to the side of the vessel as firmly, as was Prometheus linked by his ligatures to Caucasus.

But there was another horror in store for the vile Enrique. The fire, which he himself had lighted, was already hottest near where he was fixed; and as now the lambent flames spread around him, they did not so much burn him, as scorch him and roast him: and the side of the vessel to which he was spiked, was actually as if a "Dutch oven" to keep up the incalcescence more fervently around him, till he positively seethed and steamed in the hissing heat. He was literally roasting and broiling, a downright grilled devil.

And ah, how just was the recompense, that the combustion which his own pitiless hand had kindled, should now play so witheringly and torturingly on himself. No one came to help him; indeed, no one could: since his own lighted fire admitted of no approach, and now his own choice furnace hemmed him in on every side.

His shrieks were bitter, and his imprecations were phrensied; while, true to his popish propensities, there were mixed along with his screams and curses, sundry prayers and adjurations to the Virgin (merely Diana), and to the Queen of Heaven (only the Moon), and to the Immaculate (Minerva), and so on, through the gamut of heathen goddesses, with Christianesque names. If indeed the true and blessed Mother of our Lord (quite a different being) could have heard his invocations, which of course she could not, being finite; she would only have been indignant at the dishonor done to God, by anyone's daring to direct prayers to *her* at all:

like as any loyal lady, though noble and entitled to honors of her own, would feel it only as a frightful insult, if some one were wantonly to attribute to her any royal prerogatives whatsoever, in the presence of the Sovereign to whom alone they belonged. The true Virgin herself, in her beauteous inspired hymn the Magnificat, used the words "God my Saviour"; and thus she recognized the fact that she herself, though so highly honored and favored, was of course only a mere woman (to qualify which fact, would be to infringe the humanity or Incarnation of her divine SON); and therefore she, who thus acknowledged her own need of a Saviour, would be the last to countenance those impious ascriptions, such as "Hail, holy Queen, mother of mercy, our life, our sweetness, and our hope," which the infatuated papists statedly address to her, and which she, in bliss, can fortunately not hear, for, if she could, such profanities would rob her of all peace, even in heaven.

In short, the popish Mariolatry is only consistent with the polytheism of heathens. And let us be assured that whenever we find some poor fanatical papists offering their prayers to the Virgin; we witness not a Christian but a pagan rite, as futile as it is blasphemous, and as idolatrous as it is absurd.

Suitably then the murderous Enrique de Cabanas, while shrieking and writhing in his own nurtured blaze, called out to the "Mother of God" (merely Cybele), and gave vent to all such sheer heathenism

without a spice of Christian truth ; for, in strict fact, the "Church of Rome" is nowise Christian, except in name : being simply anti-Christian.

"Holy Mother of God," was the yell in Spanish that gurgled from Enrique's puckering and crimping lips.

It is indeed inexplicable how anyone endued with the most moderate common sense of a human being, could bring himself to imagine that the "Holy Mother," considered even in an *old* Roman sense, could look with the least favor on such deadly deeds as those which the sanguinary mutineer Enrique had striven to perpetrate. But thus it is indeed that superstition blinds its votaries ; and not only the tawny Spaniard, but also the Tipperary boy going to murder an agent, or trying to hide a blood-stained fugitive Hayes, as well as also an Italian brigand starting forth to rob and stab : can do all under the supposed patronage of her who is outraged by the name of the "Mother of—God !"

CHAPTER IV.

THE NOOK.

“ I knew that from my birth
I was a mortal man ;
My frailty is confess'd.
I knew my flesh was earth ;
My life was but a span :
And here is not my rest.”

BAXTER.

ON that dark and fatal Friday night, the flames would not in the least relax their hold of the luckless ‘ Amaranth ’—misnomered the Amaranth or Imperishable, whereas now it was perishing, and destined to *fade* in all but fame. The flames could not be controlled, because in some inscrutable manner, the fire seemed to ramify itself internally, and to live here and there and everywhere, throughout the very body of the vessel.

Cyril saw enough of the fate of Enrique de Cabanas ; how he was transfixed by the boarding-pike, and was frizzling alive in the remorseless flames which he himself had so villainously evoked. But though Enrique was now only a dried and moaning mummy, his evil work remained behind him, which is the usual legacy of bad men ; they

bequeath their mischiefs to the wicked world, to make it worse and worse than ever, with cumulative heirlooms of evil, ever amassing: and thus crime increases parallel with civilization, of which fact the constant enacting of new laws against new iniquities, is a proof.

Enrique's object had clearly been, to communicate with the small magazine which the yacht possessed. But, what his train first took effect on, was, the so-called spirit-room. Here the ignition of some cask or other of alcoholic liquid caused an explosion, which scattered tenfold blaze about. At the same time the sails, which unfortunately were full set, caught fire, and became a sheet of flame.

Captain Tyne now saw that it was hopeless to try any more to subdue such a dominant enemy; so, obtaining George's passive assent, he gave the painful order, for the yacht to be abandoned, and the "boats to be got out." Whether this could be fully done, was very doubtful; nor did Cyril see how far the order was accomplished. For, at about this rueful juncture, the fiery fluids percolated to the magazine, and the ill-fated 'Amaranth,' blew up!

The explosion was very much less violent than that of the 'Orpheus'; and yet the effect was far more ruinous than might have been anticipated from the comparatively small amount of ammunition which the yacht had on board. The quantity of powder indeed was small, but the quality was the best; and possibly this was the reason why

the result was so fearful. The force was sufficient to shatter out a large part of the side of the 'Amaranth,' causing a huge rift, a dire gaping fissure, between wind and water; the blast was sufficient also to cast everyone on board into the sea. The yacht gave one heel or lurch, and then all that remained of the beautiful vessel sank with Enrique beneath the wave.

She was the victim, not of nature's lightning nor winter's storm nor ocean violence, nor even of "fire," but of *man's* baleful treachery. How like the lot of the 'Amaranth,' is the fate of many a proud purpose, many a lordly project of ambition terminating (even where there may *be* power rank and wealth) in only the whelming gulf of disappointment and destruction! The vessel's going to India had been all a mistake from the first; and yet it is hard for us to say it was *all* wrong, for otherwise, if the 'Amaranth' had not been a motive power, Cyril would not have met Jessie, nor would he, even if he had seen her at Boulogne, have had Jessie as it were put into his arms by George. Thus a blessing was blended with the error. On suchlike grounds I think it is not always equitable to award wholesale blame even to mistakes; since sometimes a few snatches and portions of our well-meant errors are mercifully over-ruled and sublimed, or sunned by Mercy, so that they become actual elements of future good.

Thus ended the 'Amaranth.' She sank within the dark grave of waters; forming quite a down-

ward eddy in the sea. In such a case, the danger, to those who are not killed outright, is, that even if they may not be either stunned or mutilated, they are apt to be sucked down amid the whirlpool caused by the descent of so large a body as the hull; and then, even if they might afterwards emerge to the surface, they would be too spent and exhausted to make a successful fight for life.

Who were left struggling on the surface, it is not for us to say; since we have to follow the fortunes of Cyril, who, though not actually maimed, was numbed by some substance having been thrown heavily against him in the explosion. He was drawn down beneath the surface along with the sinking vessel; but he soon rose again for a moment to breathe the air. At once however he became insensible; and now he would have been lost, sinking in utter debility beneath the placid surface, only for an unexpected friend, the very soul of fidelity, who succored him at this last emergency, and kept his unconscious head up, so as to make it possible for him eventually to resume his vital powers. This friend was none other than the faithful Floss, who took hold gently of Cyril's dress, somewhere about his neck, keeping his head well up, and pushing him on towards the land, which was not so hopelessly far off; and after a time he came where there was a tidal in-set, which favored Floss's attempt. It seems, the sea had a current, with a curve inwards, as if it was a pettish whisk of the sea with its skirts, to get between an island and

the shore. Possibly however it was simply the run of the tide between the Atlantic and Indian oceans, racing round the apex of Africa; and swayed by rocks below, of which we know nothing. These curious changes of currents are exemplified by the fact that at the Cape of Good Hope the flow is from the Indian Ocean to the Atlantic; but near the Agulhas (meaning the needle) cape, a current bends round to the east, and is used by the outward-bound Australians.

But whatever circumstance caused the current at that time, the power of instinct was mysterious that could teach Floss which was the way to turn towards land; for though the land was within the range of vision, still at that particular hour it was not in the least visible, because of the darkness of the night: the moon indeed was near the full, but the sky was sullenly clouded: nor were there any lights on shore to guide him. Why did Floss go at once towards land, instead of swimming out towards the Antarctic Ocean? Probably a *man* would have gone the wrong way, just because he would foolishly make a point of listening to his own "reasonings," or his fears, instead of giving heed to his own animal instincts, which would be the appropriate monitors on the occasion.

Floss went right; and why? Some might say it was the current; but, there was no particular current where he began to swim, though afterwards one appeared: besides, some currents go out to sea witness the Gulf Stream which crosses the Atlantic.

Some might think Floss went right because he heard some faint noise of wild beasts or cattle on shore ; but the distance was rather too far for this. My idea is,—and, mind you, this is “ patent,” and, as every goose now (see title-page) says of his worthless legends, “ All rights reserved ” and must be paid for ;—I say, *my* idea is, that Floss knew which way to turn to land, because he smelt it. He had a fine nose of his own, had Floss ; dear Floss, Jessie loved him. And scents of all sorts are more permeating during the night, because of the actinic influences being quiescent ; take hint, O ye perfumers. And indeed in the most antique of all tongues (Hebrew), the name of the moon as the orb of night is Yareah, the Smeller or scent-promoter, because Night is the saturnalian holiday of fragrance, (and fragrance means the smell of ripe strawberries). Nor is Milton astray, when, speaking of the Indian Ocean, he, with the very luxury of language, describes how the mariners while “ off at sea,” detect “ Sabeian odors from the spicy shore Of Araby the Blest.” Indeed, Calmet supposes that in St. Paul’s shipwreck, the land was discerned by the smell, “ par l’odeur de la terre.”

On that balmy night, then, it would be no wonder that from the exuberant Flora of southern Africa there should speed some odoriferous emanations a long way out across the deep ; and I contend these were what taught Floss his course.

Through many a tranquil hour the patient Floss pushed his master on towards land ; and it was now

the dim grey dawn of Saturday (Nov. 1), when they neared the beach. Cyril had slightly revived, so that he was able to stagger to his feet, and totter up a little way on the land. But then he sank down again in a deathlike faint, apparently quite as perilous a swoon as when he was left at first unconscious on the water, after rising out of the vortex of the descending vessel. And perhaps now his swoon would have shortly merged into actual death, through sheer exhaustion and inanition; had not the good thoughtful Floss, with the tenderness of a nurse, got himself round and under Cyril, so as to make his master's pallid cheek repose on Floss's glossy shoulder, which as a living pillow raised poor Cyril's head into the best position, and also supplied some vital heat.

Alas! look at Cyril Grosvenor, the noble young Earl of Evelyn; how different is his condition now, from what it was so very few hours before, when he in the stately yacht, the 'Amaranth,' turned rapturously, to meet as he thought his Jessie coming to him in the gallant war-ship the 'Orpheus': and now! both ships burnt! both blown up! and where are all the rest except himself? And *he* is now lying, wan, drenched, insensible, on a wild desert strand, with none to aid him but one humble friend!

Such are the grim vicissitudes, not only of the sea, but also of actual everyday life. Where is there not a blow-up or convulsion? To some, it is dishonor; to some it is bankruptcy, and to some it is disease: but, happy and exceptional are they who

have not at some time or other, and in one or another form, to exemplify what is analogous to the swift calamity that here prostrated the young and ardent Cyril.

See the happy party in the yacht, elate with hope, and replenished with every comfort. Then see them blighted, blasted, scattered to the winds, and dashed into the deep. Such is life; this is what we must prepare for. Your blow-up or mine is coming or has come. This is history and truth; more true than the rosy pictures of romance. Ever since our globe was fashioned for us, light has been an adventitious thing; chaotic darkness was the primal reign. And the old gloom still struggles up, for fallen man, so that we may often say, Sunshine is false. There is all the night against it, and much, sometimes most, of the day. Let a man thank God for the few gleams of light that irradiate the gloom.

We may here remind ourselves of the progress the yacht had made, and take note of the exact geographical situation we are in. After the 'Amaranth' had gained the front of Sandown Bay, and was becalmed there, the light breeze sprang up, which carried her well on past Walker's Bay, towards Danger Point, and even beyond it. And though the yacht turned back, to greet the 'Orpheus,' this retracement was not much; and the current which was then setting eastward, made the retrograde movement so small, that it must have been at a position still to the eastward of Danger Point, that the 'Amaranth' was lost.

The reader of course knows (the "reader" always knows everything) and is well aware, that the actual Cape of Good Hope is not in reality the extreme south jut of Africa. The blunt country as a flabby continent still trends down, more than half a degree, to the southward, as if with wrinkles or collops of elephantine fat, terminating in Cape Agulhas, where there is a lighthouse, and Agulhas is the true southern extremity of the African continent. This Cape Agulhas is thus a long way—in sailing distance a whole degree and a half—to the south-east of the literal "Cape of Good Hope."

Between then this Cape Agulhas, and the Cape of Good Hope "proper," is another bold cape called Danger Point. And about halfway between Danger Point and Cape Agulhas, is Quoin Point. Then, between Danger Point and Quoin Point, are some small islands; one is Curlew Rock: another is Geyser Island: and another is Dyer Isle. It was on this DYER island that our shipwrecked hero was thrown ashore. Thus the precise position where we are now, is Dyer Island, which is about forty miles or so on the north-west or Atlantic side of Cape Agulhas; and this Cape Agulhas is in $34^{\circ} 50'$ south latitude, and exactly 20° longitude east from Greenwich: the 20th parallel of east longitude passing most precisely across the very tip of the nose of the Cape Agulhas, the real end of Africa.

This Dyer Isle is a scraggy oval strip of *terra firma*, in a rough and savage state; yet the islet is interesting in its wildness.

It was almost the afternoon of this widowy Saturday, when Cyril was at length able to rouse himself from his deathlike stupor; and great was the delight of Floss when he saw his beloved master again at all restored to himself.

How stupefied with hopeless misery did he rise, to look around him, and to crawl like a bowed old man along the beach. He could see one vessel, though merely its upper sails; and it was evidently a very large ship, probably one of the most colossal merchantmen coming round from India towards Europe. Could he make it a sign? How useless to try! Would the huge ship, so far off, and with all its smart commercial exigencies and insurances about it, stop to pick up one shipwrecked wight? Would such an onward argosy pause because of *his* making on the shore some unmeaning little demonstration, which would doubtless not even be descried? And now, with one of those strange fitful turns to which the human mind, when ruled by love, is subject; Cyril at the moment did not even desire to quit this lonely strand, which was now so direly associated with the yet unelucidated loss of all who were dear to him.

Still, mechanically, he would try to make a signal. But how? Here was a boat-hook, which had evidently been very lately borne to the beach, as it looked fresh and free from that blanching and soddening guise which is so soon given to things that are bandied about by the waves. And see, here is the brand 'Amaranth' on it. The same

current that had carried Cyril, had wafted it also hither. Would the current bring bodies also?—The shore in fact was strewn with many relics of some wreck or wrecks. Here was part of a shattered top-gallant-mast, with a large piece of partly burnt sail; and here were some blackened timbers and other gear.

Cyril's attempt at a signal consisted in his taking the boat-hook, and fastening his handkerchief on it, and setting the boat-hook to stand in the shingle, by way of flagstaff. He stuck it in slantingly, because his little white pennon was wet, and thus it hung a little open. He did it all, in conscious inutility; still, it was like doing something. How similar are many a poor man's shiftless efforts; he tries for work, he scrawls a begging letter, he makes some little venture with his last half-crown, or he tries to sell some cherished brass ornament which he thought was gold: he does his most, he does his best: but it is no use: everything may be safely pronounced a failure, even before he tries it. Thus was it with Cyril; who now was poorer in resources than any of his own laborers.

The effort however in his case tended to revive him still more. He turned his steps a little inland; and as he was now parching with burning thirst, he was glad to see a beautiful little fountain of pure icy-cold water, with which he slaked his intense craving: and you would have beheld quite a triumph of fidelity and decorous delicacy, if you could have witnessed how the gallant Floss waited

till Cyril had quenched his feverish drought, before the good dog satisfied his own longings, which possibly were even greater than his master's.

He also came across a very curious natural tank, nearly full of what was apparently rain-water, which, though perhaps a little stale or stagnant or brackish to the taste, was sufficiently good to be used to preserve life, had there been no spring water.

Cyril did not at the time know it was an island he was on; nor, if he had known, could he have been aware whether or not the island was the abode of fierce wild beasts. However, the supply of water told him, that the beasts, if any, would assemble there at night; so, prudence bade him return to the beach, to look for some wooden weapon or club. And as the distant ship was evidently passing away, not noticing the appeal of his tiny flag; he took the good ashen boat-hook to be his companion, as if a sturdy quarterstaff.

It occurred to him that he would be more likely to attract any remote ship's attention, by some plan of fires at night, than by any signal he could extemporize by day. And therefore he began (and Floss "lent a hand" with his teeth) to drag up all manner of sticks, and ropes, and cloths, and boards, and beams, and spars, most of the wood being charred or singed, more or less; the things were lugged out of reach of any possible surges, though the weather was wonderfully mild, with the sky no longer clouded, and the sea singularly smooth and

free from swell. He thus drew on shore a considerable quantity of fuel, and among the rest a fine piece of a slight polished mast. It also struck him that by dragging up the partly burnt sail, it might serve as a tent, and it would soon dry in the afternoon sun.

While thus drawing things in from the sea, he came across a large cask, which he rolled up on the shore. It was evidently a cask of biscuits; and thinking of Floss' hunger more than his own, he prized open the head of the cask, and found the contents uninjured. So here was "bread" enough, besides water, for a while, to keep soul and body together.

Proceeding a little farther, along by the sea, he came to a remarkable little cove, or indent in the shore. It was like a miniature harbour, or dock, the entrance being narrow, only twenty yards or so across, but spreading out much wider inside, perhaps a hundred yards in diameter, and quite circular. The dimensions may have been greater, as they were only guessed at. The little inlet somewhat resembled in shape a section of a globe for gold fish, with the narrowed neck, and full bulging body. The water did not seem to be deep. All around the soft expanse of water, there was a delicious marge, formed of that choicest of all shores, the mixture of gravel and sand, with the sand predominating; offering so smooth and solid a surface to the foot. The circle of sand was like a golden rim around; and up from the sand, the ground rose

into a sweet grassy sward, flanked with an amphitheatric bluff of more rugged ground, above, at the back of all. This spot Cyril at once named THE NOOK; and it looked like a location to be chosen by a chorus of nymphs and naiads, as the most delectable bathing-place that could be conceived. Possibly some future sandstorm would alter it all, or form another. Doubtless its present formation could be resolved into the circumstance, which Cyril noticed, that the sea, outside, wreathed itself into a whirl or eddy; which moreover would be likely to draw any floating object towards the Nook, and deposit it beside it.

Cyril immediately chose this place as doubtless the fairest spot he should meet with. So, hither he drew the sail, and the piece of mast; with a view to set up the tent, just inside where the Nook curled round inwards from the line of the shore. He had no tool to work with, except the boat-hook, and a paddle which he also picked up among the sad flotsam and jetsam of the beach. This paddle was a double oar, one of those which we may say are of the South Sea Islanders' pattern. It was like a huge double trowel, being a pole with a broad spattle at each end; and it is much more agreeable to row with this implement in a small canoe or sharp punt which the French call *paquet*, than to "scull" your skiff along: because, you sit at your ease in your boat, and you hold the paddle-shaft by the middle, and then you dip first one blade-end, on one side, and then the other blade, on

the other side, in the water, with a quick hand, up and down, so as to move yourself along at a tidy rate. Thus you *see* where you are going; and by apportioning your strokes, you dispense with any rudder.

Such a paddle at a pinch is almost as good to dig with, as a spade or a shovel. Using it as such, Cyril displaced the sward and dry sand and stones, to some depth; and then he fixed the piece of the mast in the bed, and filled up the hole pretty firmly. Thus the mast stood up as a stout stump; and over this, the largest piece of sail was drawn, and as it spread out widely, its extremities, on all sides but one, and that one away from the sea, were kept down with stones and sand and turf. And as there was plenty of scrub-bush and bent within easy reach, some of the spacious interior of this canvas hut being quickly strewn over therewith, there was formed a very tolerable place of repose, for a poor outcast.

Thither he rolled the biscuit-cask; and thither also he conveyed a large tin case, which he, when returning, saw floating a little way from shore: he brought it to his kraal, to be examined at some future time. For, his thoughts at the moment were full of the question, how he should contrive to gain a spark of fire, wherefrom he might afterwards light his night signals.

But, although Cyril had selected the Nook as his domicile, he, at the same time, with a strange preoccupation, felt also inclined (so to speak) to

consecrate the spot, as if it were the one sacred scene of this lonely region. He felt as if there was something solemn and mysterious in that lovely and silent creek. He could imagine the voice of prayer, if not of praise, sounding over that land-locked laver, as if the pool was the mimic "sea" of brass in the Temple of Jerusalem. Ah, he little knew, how soon this dedication would be put to the proof.

For,—now,—just at the entrance to the cove,—what is it makes Floss dash forward to the sea? What is *that shape*, that human form? Cyril strides into the water, and draws the sorrow forth. Alas! it is George himself, a cold stiffened corse, his head having been drooped beneath the surface of the water for many an hour, and now life is hopelessly extinct. Cyril bore him to the sward, and laid him down, with his head supported; he fomented his hands, and chafed his limbs, and breathed into his lips: but, all in vain: none but HE who walked on the billows of Gennesaret, could give life where there was the rigidity of actual death. Cyril could only let him lie, and clasp his hands over him, and kneel beside him, and shed such tears as man may nobly weep; lamenting the irreparable loss of this better than brother, this friend of friends, the kind generous George, torn from him so ruthlessly, and cast on so strange a shore, to be interred as an exile in alien earth. Angels of bliss might bend down and mourn, with sympathy and pity, to see the bereft Cyril, while

he cast himself thus along on the sod, calling on his own dearest George, and holding him in his arms, and adjuring him not to leave him, and kissing his cold clay with passionate despair.

It was evident that George's death must have been instantaneous, and so far painless; for, his head had sustained a desperate hurt, and although the blow had not disfigured him, his left temple showed that he had suffered a dire concussion, when the yacht was rent asunder: this deadening stroke must have left him without power to keep his head above the surface, and must have made him an easy prey to the waters. Hence he had at least been spared the pang which is experienced by "some strong swimmer in his agony;" and perhaps it was the large silver water-tight case of loose papers which George always carried, that helped to make his remains float to shore.

Not only was there no sign of anguish on his face, there even was a sweet seraphic smile. And now, once more, Cyril was struck with the extraordinary resemblance George bore to Jessie; and indeed George looked still more like her, now that he was dead. Death seemed to impart a feminine cast to his features. This was the more remarkable, inasmuch as George when alive was conspicuous for possessing a most manly style of beauty; and yet now in death, a female grace seemed to distinguish his every lineament. He looked also much younger, and death gave a waxen or glassy aspect to his countenance; and the beauteous lines of his features

now recalled Jessie so wonderfully, that, independent of size, Cyril could almost have thought that he was actually looking at Jessie herself, dead, and disguised in her brother's raiment. This thought made many a wild wayward fancy crowd on his mind, so as almost to unsettle his brain. He felt as if it was a phantom, something unreal, he was gazing at; and again he timidly touched the transparent-looking tenement of his lost friend, in order to assure himself that the body was no vague vision.

Cyril must have grown delirious with all his grief; for now he came to imagine that he himself should be sure to die straightway, before he could even consign George's remains to the soil. He feared, his friend (he thought not of himself) must lie exposed on the bare shore, with his bones doomed to whiten in the unpitying blast. Would not the wild beasts come down and tear the hapless body limb from limb? So he muttered to himself, "I must bury my dead out of my sight; I must lay that frail shell of beauty reverently in the earth, while I can, and while still I have physical power to do so."

Full of this idea, he snatched at the same rude agency, of which he had made use to arrange the hut; and he worked with such fury, not digging, but tearing frantically at the earth, that he soon excavated not so much a grave as a foss, scarce more indeed than two feet deep. Then, taking a piece of the sail-cloth as a shroud, wherewith to enwrap George's beloved form, he laid him in the lonely

trench; and heaped over him that mute little mound, whose tale is always and everywhere so eloquent, whether in a country churchyard or by an Australian trail, telling of mouldering humanity beneath.

And then Cyril cast himself on the sad sepulchre, and cried out, "O George, George, my dearest friend, my heart's own choice, would that I had died for thee, my own, my more than brother!"

These were poor George's obsequies. His funeral rites consisted only in some broken passages which Cyril partly remembered from the part of Holy Scripture that preserves David's exquisite dirge or *Elegy*, which was entitled "The Bow," and which I imagine was engraved in a spiral line around a bow of steel on the field, by the warrior Psalmist's armorers. (It was as it were best translated by the unearthly music of Handel's Dead March in Saul.) Parts of it are inappropriate here, except simply that it is an elegy; however, I may give my own (original) rough reading of the whole:—

The pride of Israel! stricken on thine heights?
The mighty fallen!—Tell it not in Gath,
Publish it not in Ascalon's arcades;
Lest the Phœnician maidens may rejoice,
Lest the uncovenanted daughters vaunt.

Hills of Gilboa! never more on you
Be dew nor rain nor jubilant increase;
For there Saul's shield, the shield of heroes, down
Was flung, as were not He the Unct with oil.

Ne'er from the gore of carnage, from the gorge
Of warriors, Jonathan's bow, back would blench,
Nor baffled would the sword of Saul recoil.
Saul, Jonathan, were fond and suave in life,
Nor must they be divided in their deaths ;
Than eagles they were swift, than lions strong.

Daughters of Israel ! weep ye over Saul,
Who vested you in scarlet robes, with gems,
Who lavish'd gaudes of gold on your attire.
How are the mighty fallen mid the fray !
On, Jonathan, thine own high places slain.

My brother Jonathan ! for thee I mourn ;
Ah how delightful hast thou been to me :
So unto me hath thine affection been
Wondrous, transcending even woman's love.

How are the mighty fallen ! they are lost,
They, who themselves the weapons were of war.

The fever of delirium was still strong on Cyril, when now, starting up from off the grave, he was scared by the fresh fear, that the wild beasts would still come at night, and root away the earth from George, exhuming his loved person, to dishonor him with their foul fangs and claws. He must then prepare a fire, to keep them off ; and that same fire would be also his night-signal. He almost *laughed* hysterically at the double object.

And here I have a strange idea to offer, which is at the worst in unison with the cloud of hallucination or incoherency which hung for the moment over Cyril. And if it is a novel ground of con-

solation, it is hard to see what other could be offered, since even this did not then occur to him, nor was it likely to do so. It is, that George not only was unmarried, but unaffianced, and unloved by woman, and fated to remain so. By a species of Parnassian second-sight, I can forecast, that he never was to have won a wife. He would always love one who was not for him, or unfitted for him. To such a soul as his, so feeling, so generous, so loving, the denial of love was a crushing doom. No young bright bosom ever to respond to his, no sweet soft eyes to glow at him with joy, no tender voice to welcome him as husband, no little languages to hail him as father! Yes, an unwilling celibacy was his destiny; and as he was peculiarly unattempered to that bitterest of trials, it was better for him to be dead. Love is so precious a blessing to those who prize it, the loss of it is a death of the heart, far worse than the death of the body. Woman was made for man. And it is better for a man to be dead, than to be unloved of woman.

However some cynics may grudge assent to this, (since there *are* those who know not what true love is;) I will quietly *go on* with the history, merely relating, that the delirium which was now on Cyril, and which perhaps shielded him from greater grief, made him rush off wildly and bring up considerable quantities of wood and rigging and other waifs of wreck. He reared a heap at some distance each side of George's grave, and another heap on the higher ground at the back. This

triangle of fire, he judged, and perhaps rightly, would be apt to arrest a distant eye, and to invite investigation, as if it were made by some trigonometrically civilized being in distress; more likely to do so, than any single bonfire, however high-piled. Cyril also intended to plant in the ground a long spar, having at the top a pulley (there was more than one on the shore), with a rope passing through the pulley, so as to admit of a triangle of bars, with a torch at each corner, being hauled up and down, as a beckoning beacon. Probably it might have been very intelligible and successful; but it was never tried.

His difficulty was, to gain one spark of fire. Nor is the matter so easy as may be thought. Hence indeed, in the early backwoods ages, Prometheus was naturally martyred and deified for his "theft" of fire; say his narthex was a Chinese lucifer-match! It is all very well to declare you have only to rub two sticks together, to elicit fire; you will try long enough before you succeed. The best plan is, to set a pointed vertical beam in a little hollow, sunk in a horizontal log; and then you must twirl and spin the upright beam round, by means of a coiled cord. But this can scarcely be done except where there are two or three persons to help; and the heated point must be fed with dry leaves and chips and twigs, or it will not succeed: you will no more get a "spark," than an old spinster can. And sometimes, even if you do get a blaze, it will go out, before you can secure it.

Nor is the writer unversed in making fires. In fact, the author, being put to it, is ready to lay, not eggs, but a bet, with any lady (must be pretty,) wagering a new bonnet against a new hat, that, starting fair with twin coalboxes and equal faggots and a whole matchbox each, he himself will make a fire better and quicker, with the test of boiling a kettle sooner, than can be accomplished by the lady with her smartest and handsomest housemaid to help her : the housemaid to get a sovereign from the loser : aye, I'll *lay* I'll boil my kettle first.

But Cyril made no attempt of gaining fire by any wild-Indian mode of rubbing wood. His thoughts reverted to the large case, which he had drawn out of the water ; could there be in it any gunpowder or any igneous appliances ?

Laying hold of it, he now observed that it bore a name. This name he had not noticed before, simply because the box or case, as he drew it out of the water, happened to be turned upside down.

But, there *was* a name on it ; the letters being formed by means of neat perforations cut in a plate of brass, so as to be indelible : the plate being soldered, on the middle of the tin lid. And, the name was, " Sir William Thornton."

CHAPTER V.

AIGRETTE.

" ' Earth to earth, and dust to dust ' !
 Here the evil and the just,
 Here the youthful and the old,
 Here the fearful and the bold,
 Here the matron and the maid,
 In one silent bed are laid ;
 Here the vassal and the king
 Side by side lie withering :
 Here the sword and sceptre rust :
 ' Earth to earth, and dust to dust ! ' "

CROLY.

THERE are many wrenches of life, which are like condensations of agony, or pangs in epigram; brief they be, yet they seem too torturous to be solved: we scan as it were one frown, and we feel it bodes all evil: but still its very wrath has a dull hebetating influence, which blunts us the more we try to gauge its import.

Thus here the anguishing question arose, Whence did this chest of General Thornton's come, to be thus shed adrift upon the main? Had it been among the articles in the 'Amaranth'?

Having forced asunder a corner of the tin covering, Cyril had not to exert much violence to rip

open the whole. And then became apparent the reason why the case, though rather weighty, had been buoyant enough to float to shore. For, inside of it, was a long trunk, of solid leather; and this enclosure was much smaller than the external husk. The tin envelope was like one of those that are usually devoted to Indian outfits; and, possibly by intention, but more probably by accident, or simply to use it up, the tin box was employed, though much too large: and therefore, being hermetically closed, there had been enough air confined within, to float even a greater weight.

Out of this tin chrysalis, the leathern trunk was extracted; and it was ready to be opened without any difficulty, because the fanciful key was tied with a lace to a strap near the lock, as if in order to obviate any confusion about finding the key, whenever the trunk should have to be unlocked: all the contents being considered safe, as soldered up in the tin shell.

The trunk hinged back, at the middle, into two equal portions. As to one half, the inside looked like what a young officer would possess, if he were only to take one piece of luggage with him. It had doubtless been the General's in his youth; for, all the things were of an old make, though they had been little if ever used. Thus, at the bottom of the compartment, within a "well," was a gun, of superior finish, one barrel a rifle and the other for shot, in high order, but with flint locks, evidently anterior to the full introduction of the percussion principle.

There was a buffalo horn of powder; holding not more than half a pound: still, it *was* powder: and here some flints, here some oil, here some shot, here some bullets: little of each, yet some of all. It was as if a neat gun-case at the bottom of a trunk.

The same side also contained a curious assortment of things. There was a small Bible and prayer-book; there was a race-course telescope, a compass, a dirk knife, quill pens, paper, ink (dried to a cake), a purse of guineas, a pocket-book with yellow old bank-notes: and here were all combs and brushes and the little accoutrements of the toilet: with the sundry useful trankrams which a young gentleman might like to have about him, when journeying for pleasure. There was, besides, a silver tinder-box, with tinder in it, and the old-fashioned steel, and flint, and sulphur matches; and a couple of bundles of large wax tapers, a dozen or so in each parcel. There was no clothing, except a few shirts, and a full suit of cap and shooting-coat and so on, down to shoes, and all, as if for an expedition to a Norfolk battue or the moors. The hopeful budding puberty of the young owner might seem to be indicated by there being *one* razor folded up in paper and marked "Razor," with notes of admiration, as if to provoke a smile, or as if a broad hint to be "a man."

The whole matter received some explanation from a morocco flap or pocket for letters, in which there was only one paper, a gilt-edged sheet, unfolded, with simply these words, "To my dearest

boy, William, for his birthday, September the second, with his father's fondest affection, Cyril Thornton, Pinwell Manor, 1811." [Thus Jessie's birthday was on the same day as her father's.] The whole affair had the aspect as if the General when a youth had wished to go on some shooting expedition, and the reply of his loving father Captain Cyril Thornton had been the present of this trunk fitted up for him. It was an old tale of home love.

Why the contents had (as we say) never been touched or used, was also explained, by a memorandum written on the same paper in another hand, in these words, "He died before the day. W. T." Thus the duteous son William had regarded the gift of his murdered father Cyril Thornton, as most intensely sacred; doubtless he would not have lost it for thousands of pounds.

It would seem as if originally there had been only that one half of the trunk filled and furnished; and the other half had been left empty, for the young man to stock it as he liked. And in accordance with the sacredness of the associations, the General had clearly been wont to use the second half of the trunk as an archive or receptacle for special papers and documents. There was his general's commission, and a tie of old passports, and a dress coat with several jewelled orders and decorations; also a roll of papers docketed "Letters from King William the Fourth."

In strange contrast, there was also a parcel

marked "Teddy," with a record of the child being found, and a duplicate of his annuity, and a tight wisp of the child's clothes, as a clue perhaps to what he was (undiscoverable).

There was also a set of more modern papers about some "Oswald" case, which Cyril did not understand, nor scarce examine, though it was highly interesting; as it seems the circumstance was one where a rich squire of the name of Oswald had an only daughter, who married for love a gentleman (Marsden) of good family and character, but quite poor, he being a young Cambridge graduate, meant for the bar or the church, but not even "called to the bar" or ordained at the time, being in fact too young for either profession. The old squire Oswald in a rage cast off the unfortunate young things, so that they suffered much; and they went abroad somewhere, no one knew where, or in what capacity. The squire made a will, in favor of some scapegrace nephew; and as the squire had some time ago died, this nephew was in actual possession. But, before old Squire Oswald died, he, being a friend and correspondent of the General's, and at length induced by him, had pardoned his daughter, and longed for her and her husband; so he made a new will, revoking the old one, and leaving all his large property to his daughter. This will had been sent to Dresden to the General, as if to satisfy him; and here it was. Apparently the nephew did not know of this new will; nor did any steps seem to have been yet

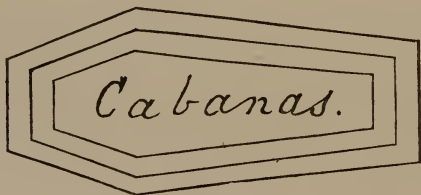
taken on it, doubtless because of the possible non-existence of the daughter. Thus, if she could be found, these papers would be immensely important to her, since they alone could reinstate her on her father's hearth. However, here was the new will, all properly executed and witnessed, but with a paper tied to it having in pencil the note, "Has to be proved." Along with it were divers attestations and instruments, which doubtless would be most material and conclusive in this large Oswald affair.

Many of the other papers bore the appearance as if the General had expected death, and had set his "house in order;" so methodical and explicit was everything. There was a "List of papers at my banker's;" and "List of deeds with my lawyer:" also an "attested copy" of the General's own "Marriage Settlement:" another paper was, "My Marr. Certif.:" another, "Baptismal C.'s of Lucy, George, Nest, Inet, Maude." The dead daughters' names had been thus sadly struck out, as if in a fit of despair, and as if under a desolating expectation that the other children would also soon follow on, to the church above.

There was a quarto manuscript book, a sort of concise diary, stretching from the General's youth to the end of July 1862. Cyril did not more than open it, and he did not examine at all some purple caskets which looked like heirloom jewel-cases. There were also several ivory miniatures; one of the General himself, and of Gwendoline Lady Eden-

sor before her marriage, and of the five children, Maude being an infant. There was moreover a likeness of Cyril Grosvenor himself, when seven years old; and this one of him had been put next to Maude's, and tied to it with white ribbon, as if a playful affiancing of the two, in thought. There were also portraits of Anna and Arthur Grosvenor (his father and mother); and a bundle with this label, "Letters from Anna and Arthur." The whole trunk was a treasury of love.

But still the "skeleton" was there! For, the largest packet of papers had endorsed on it the ominous word



and round it were those three dark black lines, as if a trinal coffin or triple death; what did this mean?

From the *précis* (or summary notes) on these papers, it would seem that some of them were old affidavits; and many letters were here which had been written by the General's mother, the widow of Captain C. Thornton.

And here then was the end of the tragic Cabanas matter, with all its fears! only too real! only too

effectual! Was the curse only to end with the extinction of all the Thorntons? But, *they* were four; and, if the doom demanded three, may not one still survive? Must the victims be three times three? The Captain and his wife and the stillborn babe, were three; the General's three lost girls had apparently been poisoned: *who* must be now with George, to fulfil the ban?

Cyril seemed not to care for any of the things thus put into his hand, many of which he had blankly turned over without scrutiny; and indeed we have interpreted what his eyes mechanically *saw* or passed over, rather than what he at all investigated. He even forgot that here were the ingredients to ignite the fire for which he had been so eager.

The paramount idea in his heart was now, that this valise *was* the General's; and it had not—it could not have—been in the ‘Amaranth.’ For indeed, did not Cyril now remember, that George himself had once remarked how he thought it strange his father had “*not* wished to send any of his trunks” in the yacht?

And now, in glancing still closer at the outside of the leathern trunk, the tale of its travels was apparent. There was, fastened on it, a card, which bore, written probably by the house-steward, as a general direction, the address, “Lady Thornton, Dresden to Ghent.” Then there was a railway record of “Guntershausen,” which had probably been the first day's journey from the capital of Saxony, the lovely city Dresden, by Lady Thornton

and her daughter. The next place denoted was Coblentz, which doubtless had ended another day's route. And the third day's move was concluded at "GEND," of which place there was a railway-label pasted on. Now, this Gend was Ghent; the Flemish people call it Gend, and the French alter it to Gand: but we always call it "Ghent," like as the English turn Livorno into Leghorn, and Wien into Vienna, and like as the French transmogrify London into Londres. The English have had a fancy for spelling Ghent their own way, ever since the time of our Edward the Third's son John of "Gaunt," who was so called because he was born at this very Ghent in Flanders. There, then, at Ghent, the ladies had doubtless rested for the night, before crossing (as intended) next day from Ostend to London, a sea-voyage of 136 miles. They would be likely to select Ghent, because it has only Bruges between it and Ostend; and Ghent is preferable to Ostend as a place to stop at: there may also have been some additional reason. But though the presence of the trunk at Ghent was testified, there was no sign of its having been at all at Bruges or Ostend.

Thus it was at Ghent that it went astray; and probably the English word "Ghent" was the proximate cause of the mischance, as it would be no wonder if some brave Belgian boor of a railway official, did not know that "Ghent" was the very Gend or Gand where he was beerily ruminating at the moment. Hence, by some (as I can vouch, not unusual) mistake, the trunk was bundled off at once

to Paris, perhaps because there is a place "Gentilly" in France. So, it was sent on stupidly by way of Lille to Paris. "Paris" was extant, quite plain; and then it had been sent back from Paris by way of Amiens to "Boulogne."

And, it was certain, as Cyril knew, that the ladies were to have gone to England by way of *Ostend*; but, they did *not* go that way: they *were* at Boulogne, having had to travel round by Amiens, there not being as yet (1862) any direct approach, since the railroad from Calais to Boulogne is only making: they had not gone to Paris, but had waited at Boulogne, to be ready for a summons from General Thornton: Boulogne being a better place than Calais to wait at: of course Boulogne was the best pausing-place for the ladies: and thus this straying trunk had been the sole cause of their being there at all.

There was also on it, one of the usual directions of the South-Eastern Railway, "Folkestone to London." Thus then, it was, by this way, from Folkestone to London, that Lady Thornton and Jessie had gone; though Cyril had at the time been so unable to trace their course, having so vainly tried to track them, although (after all) it *was* at the right place, Folkestone, he had been searching for their clue.

And then, this trunk *had* arrived at London; for, here was a label with the single capital letter "T," as the initial of Thornton, which was a rather clever plan adopted at some railway termini in town, to

make passengers come alphabetically, and not all in a huddle, to identify their luggage.

What now amazed and confounded Cyril, was the tangible fact, that the erratic travels of this old treasured trunk, had been the silent means of linking his lot and Jessie's together! The course of Providence had been inweaving Cyril and Maude in one; why then have they been thus approximated, only to be now parted for ever? Is it to *be so*?

How wondrous was it, that a train of circumstances, in themselves small, but having such summary bearing on his fate, should thus have been shaping themselves out; now indeed all is clear, so far: yet, the end, at the present existing moment, is still all dark, blurred, and enigmatical! Why should he thus be the sport of intricate conjunctures?

How strange that here, on a desert isle in the Southern Ocean, the very particulars should be obtruded on his notice, which he had failed to discover when prosecuting his investigations on the very spot. He felt as if he was all in some dire maze, some wild whirling illusion, where unseen hands were contorting events, entangling them at first only to unravel them afterwards in a way as mysterious as the original complication. Why should it be so? What use is there in this slow torture?

Many a man has asked the like querulous questions; nor has the tardy future ever replied to him any the sooner, for any of his repining, or any of his impatience.

Cyril could not withdraw himself from the thought, What an inscrutable contingency, that the one and the very same valued receptacle whose wanderings had caused Jessie's detention at Boulogne, and which event had introduced him to her; should here be manipulated by himself, alone, at one of the ends of the earth, after all her house had been swept down at one fell swoop!

It is self-evident therefore that the tin-cased portmanteau had not been in the 'Amaranth.'

Again Cyril turned over and examined that outside tin covering; and now, at one end of it, where he had not descried it before, there was a brand, made apparently as they do at custom-houses, on the principle of Poonah painting. The plan is, to have letters or initials cut out in a metal slice, which is laid on a package, and a brush with paint is passed over the letters, printing off the whole brand at once, though often very indistinctly. Here the letters had been nearly rubbed or washed off, the paint being scarcely dry, or else softened; and the brand was, a "Broad Arrow" at the top, and under it, "H.M.S. Orpheus" (Her Majesty's ship 'Orpheus.')

All too true, then! The General *was* in that lost ship of war. Therefore he must have perished! And, O woe of woes, his family must have been with him! and therefore he, and they all, together, were thus handed over to sudden destruction.

Onward Cyril strode to the sea margin, with this sorrowful presentiment full on him. He went

on straight, as if to find them. And there, alas, was indeed the sad group.

Nor was this wonderful, as the set or course of the water had been drawing to the very spot; and there, at the entrance to the Nook, the curl of the sea had literally given up or voided its prey, and laid the bodies by the shore.

Linked together, as in life, so in death, the General and his gentle consort lay dead, stark dead, and they had been so for hours. Their floating to the shore was readily explainable, as they both had large swimming-belts fastened round them. This very circumstance of itself betokened that they had begun at least to make an attempt to leave the burning ship either by a boat or a raft. Probably all the while that the crew of the 'Amaranth' were watching with wonder how the red light remained so equable, the powerful crew of the 'Orpheus,' working as only men-of-war's-men can work at some direful juncture, had been able almost to cope with the flames. And doubtless the seamen would have actually conquered and suppressed the conflagration, only for the insidious stratagems of the incendiary, who, with some plan of perforating the bulkheads or with other artifices never to be elucidated now, had scattered seeds of flame in every quarter. During that interval of struggle, the thought must have been entertained,—If these mighty efforts fail, how can we still escape? This would leave time for precautionary measures; and when at length the fire began to show itself indomi-

table, the ladies would have been ready to betake themselves to flight.

It would on the whole appear most probable that the General and his wife had got into a boat, but the precipitated explosion had reached them before they could get far enough away to be secure. And thus, the boat having been swamped and positively forced down into the water by the shock, they must have been dashed insensible into the tide, without power to sustain themselves, clasping each other, yet held as the passive prey of the remorseless main.

Cyril could only gaze aghast, at them, his second parents, side by side, in death, (as his own parents had been.) Was it the tender and beautiful Gwendoline Lady Thornton who was overtaken by so fell and swift a fate?

He identified her at once as the "aunt"; O, how she would have loved him as her son!

Poor Floss also recognized her, and moaned beside her; though, for some reason which I cannot divine, he had not made any moan or whine over George.

Cyril stooped down, and kissed Lady Thornton's cold brow.

And, the AIGRETTE was there!

It was almost loose; the shock which had overwhelmed her, having nearly torn it off.

Should he divest her of it? Is it profanation to detach it?—But, see, *it is loose*!

And is not *that* a message, a permission from the dead, to disconnect it, almost as if bidding him to

place it on another ? And should Jessie be the last dead, the last Edensor, it shall be on *her*. Only for Maude's sake is it withdrawn from the august wearer whom it became so well.

The General had his ample military cloak around him ; and, on composing it, Cyril noticed that he had, suspended round his neck, by a slight thong-guard, the same sort of silver flask of papers which George had been in the habit of wearing.

This, and this only was disengaged, as an obvious filial duty, an obligation as plain as that which tells a child to close a dying parent's eyes. The *aigrette* from the mother, and the papers from the sire, were removed, as a last sad requirement which they themselves would have dictated.

It was with an extraordinary thrill, a tremor of unreality, as if everything was unearthly, that Cyril held in his hand the *aigrette*, the old crown of the ancient race ; forcing on him the thought, Where is the young Baroness Maude to whom it now belongs ?

Of Maude he was the more poignantly reminded, the more he looked at her father the General, where he lay "asleep." Cyril had never seen Sir William Thornton in life ; but now, in appearance, the magnificent soldier was literally rejuvenescent in death, with a most astonishing resemblance to George : and thus, here again, was Jessie's image imprinted by the hand of Awe, on Cyril's anguished heart.

"Where is she ?" his soul as if shrieked, while his lips scarce moved.

Her corse has only now to come; and then, he felt, he and she are to have but one grave.

Delirious still, he was swayed by the one imperative impulse, to do *what* he could *while* he could, to save these two loved and honored ones from an exposed unburied lot.

Hurrying on, then, with a rush of agony which as if mixed what had been with what was to come, he wrought two separate hollows, rather deep furrows than graves, scanty indeed, yet resting-places, like George's, close to his, and side by side with each other; and now with the like shroud he had given to George, he laid them each in the silent earth.

See the three sad mounds of death. What a history of ruined loves and hopes, is *there!* And, how strange, that Cyril, who had been so intimate with George, but who had not ever been thrown into the company of Sir William Thornton, should only see him now, to perform for him and Lady Thornton the last offices of mortality, in the wilderness. And, how more than wondrous, that, as to Jessie, to whom in one sense, as regards the world's formalities, he was not even known, but whom he so wholly and adoringly loved; he alone was left to shield her tender form from being the sport of the fierce elements, or the spoil of Afric's monsters.

After all, DEATH, which is the broad chancery seal of human sin, is the chief mystery, and the grand calamity of earth; and it was worthy of Christianity that this direful death should be

vanquished alone by our Saviour, whose Resurrection is a truth which bears its own proof on the face of it : and it would be better for any person to incur any disease, rather than the distemper of disbelieving the Resurrection.

In fact, in the subject of death, when calmly considered, we can grasp as it were a whole sheaf of proofs, demonstrating that there is the Hereafter of weal or woe for us all.

Nothing, when we contemplate death, is more striking than this, that all has come to a close ; and that so many a bright promise, auguring future glories, should seem to be now so utterly thrown away. Take the instance of some gallant soldier, rich in experience and statesmanlike qualities ; he is ready to enter upon some field still wider than any in which his laurels have hitherto been reaped : but, death lays him low ! he perishes in his prime : and thus all those varied acquirements are made to become extinct, as if they were the merest refuse : and all such a hoard of wisdom for the world, is left to vanish like the fumes of fire. Nothing is more marked than this constant scattering and dissipating of earth's most choice attainments. Talk of Biblical " discrepancies " or theological mysteries ! Surely, there is no contradiction so rugged and point-blank, as between Death and Experience, around us, every hour. Is not experience a most positive treasure ? Yet, death is every moment dealing with that very experience, as if it were something utterly vile and useless. Experience is

especially valuable for future contingencies ; it is not only in a wise man's existing action, or in any records he may indite, that all his knowledge, gained by trial and practice, is so serviceable : it is still more in the unknown conjunctures of the future, that a wide experience is like Joseph's granaries, a store ready to befriend us in the time of dearth : nevertheless, it is to this obvious *truth* that "Death" gives the *lie*, expunging that very experience as if it was something totally immaterial. This is the greatest discrepancy that can be found. It might be said, one race of men picks up experience and carries it on, while other men drop through the gaps of the Bridge of Mirza. But this is not so ; a vast fund of knowledge *died with* Adam, with Noah, with Abraham, with St. John, with St. Paul, and even with Socrates and Archimēdes. Possibly the problem which Archimēdes was working when he was slain, is never to be discovered ; and I often think that all those papers and calculations of Sir Isaac Newton which his pet dog Diamond "accidentally" destroyed, contained discoveries too vast for anyone else ever to produce, and too prophetic to be permitted to exist : for I believe that such is the symmetry of God's working, a mind equal to the effort might, from the things which are, prove the things that are to be. Besides, it is no answer, to shift the ground to other men ; each wise man's own personal lore is in itself a treasure, and that treasure is treated by death as no treasure at all. Man is ever learning,

ever storing up sagacious decisions, and as if laboriously composing a dictionary of precedents for future reference; but, as soon as the Lexicon of Life is almost complete, death flings it contemptuously into a pit, and hides each page for ever. This is the great Yea and Nay of existence.

Or, take the instance of some gracious lady, some noble matron, who, by her beauty, purity, and earnestness, has immense influence for good; but, suddenly, she is gone! and all her good influence is gone too. What a real loss! Say not, some one else may replace her. Why not have both? both her and the other: *she* is a loss, whatever anyone else may do. It is her worth which is treated by death as worthless.

Here perhaps is a man endowed with great artistic skill; he dies: and all that skill is quenched. Here is another man, who is a master of science; by death, his bright torch of science is extinguished, as scornfully as when Caliph Omar burnt the world of books. Here mechanical ability expires; and here again the scholar dies, a Porson or Johnson, who has more than others the key to languages and authors. All around, there is the constant going-out of the best-trimmed lamps of life's progress. The invaluable experience of lifetimes is ever ending.

What is all this but as if you were to get some iron, turn it into steel, and make it into the best blade, tempered, and highly sharpened, fit for use; and then, you cast it into the sea, to rust and rot.

What else is it, that is always going on around us, but as if the following :—Suppose you see some lovely maiden ; she has youth, beauty, purity, accomplishments, and everything wherewith such a bright being could be endued : you see her arrayed in queenly robes : you witness a wreath placed on her brow : she seems as if she is all ready to be a bride : but, some great iron hands take her and hurl her into a flaming furnace, beauty, wreath, and all : and, all is over !

Yet, all this contradiction is between truths ; death is a truth, and experience is a truth. And, the conflicts of realities must have a truth to reconcile them. There *must* be a third truth, to harmonize the whole. And this third truth must be Christ's Resurrection, because there is no other truth that meets the case. In modern Judaism there is not, even in idea, anything that supplies the need ; and Judaism is the only other heaven-born religion beside Christianity. Not even in theory, in the Koran, in the Vedas, in "Reason," or in any other heathenism, is there a single plank to bridge over the gulph that frowns between the confronted cliffs of death and experience. But, Christ, and Christ only, at once unites both sides. Therefore Christ is a necessary truth. Christ removes our blot, sin ; and our ruin, death. We cannot get on without this obliteration of guilt and the grave. Christ's truth accordingly resolves the struggle of this life, into probation for a better life ; and thus the mightier fact of probation swal-

lowers up the minor mystery of an ever-expiring experience. All our learning is the schooling of immortal souls. The real benefit of all our earthly lore will appear in its only tending to enhance the fervor wherewith in a better scene we shall circle the risen Redeemer with living hymns.

The faith of Christians is thus a "reasonable service;" for, reason when fully wielded always attests the truth of revelation. "Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you, that God should raise the dead?" It is the "Saviour Jesus Christ who hath abolished death, and hath brought life and immortality to light through the gospel." God *can* raise the dead; and because He can, He will, all in good time, at His own good pleasure. God can from the four winds of heaven collect the scattered fragments of humanity, bid the tombs to open, tell ocean to disgorge its spoil, and quicken souls in the same clay where intellect had burned bright beforetime, having then been kindled by the same Omnific God. God has only to remodel matter; nor is any "matter" lost: and as for the soul, it cannot expire: it is the body only that dies: and He who made us once, can make us again, and better: what difficulty is there, in this, to Him, who already has made every atom of the entire globe? Every particle of creation has already passed in review before Him; and why may not the Son of God, who as the Son of Man allied Himself to our nature, stoop and select the little relics of our frames?

Full well I know that "my Redeemer liveth," and that in all the power of His divine majesty He is soon to appear, encompassed around with angels and archangels and all the hierarchs of Heaven, at that impending hour when the elements of earth and seas and skies shall melt away with fervent heat. Then, my pardon being sealed with the blood of the incarnate Judge, my delighted being shall burst the bands of death, rise on the wings of morning, mount up to meet Immanuel in the air, and bathe triumphant in the Edens of the blest, with all eternity before me, wherein to uplift hosannas to the God of Love.

This is the persuasion which each one may aspire to hold; and thus may we as if aim each to bind Lady Edensor's *Aigrette* of inherent nobility upon the brow. Every real Christian is a prince or princess, a child of God; "and ye shall be My sons *and daughters*, saith the Lord Almighty."

CHAPTER VI.

THORNTON.

“ While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne ;
Rock of Ages, rent for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.”

TOPLADY.

(Founded on St. Ignatius' “ *Anima Christi*.” Toplady was Vicar of Broad Hembury, Devonshire.)

THE influence of Christian truth, even when seemingly about to be overborne by trials, is ever ready to work up through them, and to master them ; because Religion is a power more mighty than its antagonists, and is specially intended to overcome them all. Everyone may enjoy this great consolation. And it is strange that this daily benefit is so little traced to its source. We have the blessing, and we mark not whence it springs. Thus it was well said at a public meeting in London by the late Sir Allan Park, “ We live in the midst of blessings, till we are utterly insensible to their greatness, and of the source from which they flow. We speak of our civilization, our arts, our freedom,

our laws; and too often we forget how large a share is due to Christianity. Blot Christianity out of the page of man's history, and what would his laws be? what his civilization? Christianity is mixed up with our very being and our daily life. There is not a familiar object around us, which does not wear a different aspect, because the light of Christian love is on it; not a law which does not owe its truth and gentleness to Christianity: not a custom which cannot be traced, in all its holy healthful parts, to the Gospel."

In other words, Christianity is a real conquering truth. And Cyril as a Christian felt it to be so, now. Stricken as he was with grief, a voice within told him, There is a better world to come, where friends shall meet again, and where there shall be no more parting, death, or sorrow! This mitigated his despair; this sustained and consoled him. It was as if a silent message from on high, to tell him there was pity for him in his grief.

There is nothing more electrifying than any such evidence of favor from above. It is the same in nature as in grace. Sometimes, during a dark and stormy day, there comes a break in the lowering clouds, and a solitary sunbeam darting downwards makes some one spot glow with a celestial brightness; the eye is attracted thither with pleasure: for, the train of radiance is itself beauteous, and it also causes the place whereon it lights, to glitter with supernal splendor. And we may extend the idea and suppose that, there, perhaps, some tender

plant had scarcely vigor to put forth leaves and bud ; when this kind though transient gleam of warmth refreshed it, and cheered it into strength to bear the rest of the storm. And this inspiring ray had descended from the sun, whose lustrous orb, though we can count its distance, is at a height too remote for us fully to appreciate. Thus, though we can as if track the ascended Saviour into Heaven, His excellence is too exalted for us to conceive. Yet from that supreme fount of mercy, a sunbeam of grace, piercing the most gloomy scenes of life, can descend, itself beautiful to all who see it, and most so to the gladdened heart whereon it lingers ; it is no less than the smile of the Most High, illumining the soul.

Only for such a merciful support, one in the position of Cyril must have totally succumbed both in mind and body, under the bitter sensations and trials which surrounded him.

It will be remembered that it was at early day-break of this funereal Saturday, that Cyril was borne to the shore of Dyer Isle ; and it was only about noon that he recovered consciousness. Some two hours were spent by him in making his very slight explorations of the country, and in constructing the rough canvas hut ; and during part of the rest of the afternoon, but not more than three hours or so, he had been occupied in rescuing the remains of George and his parents from the sea, and hastily consigning them to the earth.

It could not, at the moment we now describe,

have been later than five o'clock of Saturday evening, when Cyril, with mind and eyes dimmed by dire emotions, groped his way rather than walked, back to the tent, and placed the aigrette among the papers and documents, lest it should get overlooked and lost, on the wild shore ; whence, faint and bewildered, he tottered on towards where the little fountain was: for, without assuaging his fever thirst, he should die ! and he felt it was a duty to Maude that he should maintain enough energy, —O, to recover the remains of *her*, his bride of death.

While stooping to take the refreshing water, he perceived that already he had (half unconsciously) flung round his neck for the moment, and he still bore there, the General's silver case of papers, which in his affliction he had forgotten to place with the aigrette in safety.

As to poor Floss, he seemed to think most of watching his master, with loving and actually anxious eyes.

While caressing his faithful friend, a friend so precious in this grim solitude, Cyril felt that as it was incumbent on him to rest and collect his thoughts for a moment, before he rose for his last dread search ; he ought now to give a cursory glance at this silver "flask" or casket of papers, which the General's intention or will (so to speak), as interpreted by events, had now tacitly confided to him. Cyril opened it almost involuntarily, or at least with no settled purpose ; for if indeed any un-

defined motive of curiosity was latent, urging him to explore these papers, it would only be to the effect that possibly they might contain some clue to the question whether Jessie had been in the 'Orpheus' at all. It was at least conceivable, that one so young and tender, so unacclimatized, or unfitted to face the fierce Oriental heats, should have been left behind in England, in the bosom of the family of some noble friend. And thus the sweet Maude would have been personally exempt from the disasters which had overtaken her father, mother, and brother. Can it have been so?

Animated by this idea, more at least than by any other; Cyril paused by the fountain and opened the ominous casket.

This silver shrine for papers was made on the very same model as poor George's, which had been given him by his father, and which Cyril had often examined, as there was a most ingenious way of closing it air-tight. In size and shape it resembled one of the large pocket-flasks, which some misnamed "jolly" fellows carry about them, from which to imbibe those doses of wine or spirits, the want of which they themselves create, and this is "jolly" of course; the mind-and-comfort-murdering properties of these drink-dribbles being well hit by the name "pocket-pistols." But as neither George nor his father wanted a pocketful of stimulants, this casket of papers was carried instead, as if a silver pocket-book, being worn by a light strap or guard round the neck. The mechanism of it was very

simple, yet very complete, securing the contents, so as to be perfectly free from any inroad of water. I am not certain that I can fully explain it, but it was on the following principle. The top took off like a cup; and one of the silver loops for the strap, was really a screw, which worked upon a sliding joint-band, like a long oblate chain, enclosed within a rim inside the lip of the main body of the casket. This screw band pressed the flexible interior outwards, into a bulge of the stiffer exterior of the cup; and, when fully turned, the screw could be locked with an invisible bolt, which held the screw firm, in much the same way that a windlass or capstan is kept from unwinding. The secret was in this bolt, which was concealed in the other silver loop for the strap. The whole thing was very neat, yet strong. Nor could you open the casket, without breaking it, unless you knew the secret.

Such a pocket companion was too large to have been considered suitable to be worn in the old days when all a man's integuments were as tight on him as a soldier's throttle-stock, and when dandies would not wear the plump watches "of the period," because they spoiled the figure. But, as one of the merits of modern times is to have looser garments, more sensible and comfortable; there was little inconvenience in carrying such a casket, whose utility outweighed its cumbrousness, especially in the instance of anyone who had to travel much.

Among the contents were ten bank-notes of five hundred pounds each. There were three folded

sheets of quarto paper, marked "Diary," of the same size as the manuscript diary-book in the trunk. Evidently it had been the General's custom to make concise notes, of events and movements, with dates of letters, written and received; and then, when these loose sheets were scored full, to transfer them into the diary-book.

The record on these sheets, written in a very close minute hand, began with August 1, 1862; and was continued up to the evening of Friday October 31, being the very day of the explosion.

One of the first memoranda was, "George left Dresden, Aug. 2." In similar terse terms, there followed some items concerning interviews, which General Thornton as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary had, with sundry German notabilities whose names were of the Pumpnickel or Vizthum and d'Eckstädt style. These we may pass over. Then came a note of a letter received on the 11th, "from George, Plymouth, to ask whether I consent to his going on some good long voyage or other, (indefinite). Agreed to his going: it is well for young men to see the world." After this came notes of letters or "despatches" to one of the English ministry, which need not be detailed *here*; hence the reader can comfort himself by believing that the despatches will be sure to appear some day in "The Thornton Papers," like as we have had the Granville and other Papers: and all in good time we shall have the Lord Russell Papers, and possibly the Milner Gibson Papers, and even the Edward

Cardwell Papers: and indeed who knows but we may one day even be privileged to have the Frederick Peel Papers?

Under the date of the 12th was chronicled the fond remembrance of a "delightful walk with dearest wife, and darling Maude who was so well and lively and happy; she is an unutterable blessing, and I can scarce believe my eyes, when I look at her, that one so excellent is mine. Is this a boding that I am to lose her, or she me?"

Then came, dated August 13, the following, "sudden pressing summons from the Premier; 'another more active sphere': I must be off alone at once. Leave Dresden, 13th, in haste; clearly not to return. Hurry to London. Dearies to follow me, as fast as they can. Heavy work for *them*, but they say they don't mind it. Aye, a good wife and good daughter (and good son) are no small help to a working man like me. Reached London, jaded. Saw Lord P—. So I am to go to the East. God is everywhere; and I like the grand field for usefulness. Wrote to Dresden to pets to come to me quick."

Then was this record; "Saw the Queen: Her Majesty very condescending, as usual." (And I may mention that among the letters in the casket, was an autograph letter of the Sovereign to Sir W. Thornton, reflecting all those amiable and Christian impulses which have ever been enshrined in the royal heart.) Here I may perhaps add my loyal mite, in the shape of mentioning, that I once hap-

pened to hear similar testimony about the amiability and also the habits of Her Majesty, borne by an elderly lady, a Mrs. Harwood, who was a real lady, of moderate means, and who was employed about Her Majesty, her duty being to have charge of the "breakfast equipage"; and, at the time I refer to, some years ago, she went about with Her Majesty wherever the Queen went. (She gave me a lock of the Queen's hair, which I still have and prize.) Such a person, being neither in a menial nor a pompous capacity, knows more of the real home life of Royalty, than the more stately court grandees and titled officials do. This worthy lady Mrs. Harwood testified to me, that nothing could be more pure and pious and amiable than the Queen's daily career; that she always read the Bible every day with her husband Prince Albert: and that, while as regards firmness and justice, for instance, she would correct her own children, soundly too, and with her own hand, if they required it, still, love was the rule of the Queen and the element of the palace, where all was affectionate, endeared and endearing. Every anecdote evinced the Queen's good sense and high principle, blended with kindness, affability, and genuine Christian feeling.

Knowing all this sort of thing, we can better appreciate what the General had further jotted down here:—

"It is an incalculable advantage to such a free empire as Britain, when its head is such a Queen Victoria, who appeals as a woman to our chivalry,

not less than does she command respect by her innate dignity and intelligence, while she attaches us by her sympathy, urbanity, and personal virtues. *She feels for others*; reminding one of what Virgil says of a benign queen's sway, 'There are tears for troubles, and mortal interests touch the mind:' or as Terence says, 'Being human, I cannot regard any human concerns as indifferent to myself:' and Shakespeare, 'A tear for pity, and a hand Open as day for melting charity': so true is it that as the bard of Avon also says, 'One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.' "

Next came the word "Mauritius," with some remarks in cipher, which I cannot interpret, as I have not the key; the letters were Sanskrit, but the words were not: probably the General only knew the clue, and so it has died with him. Then followed some brief memoranda of large money transactions.

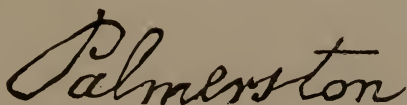
Afterwards, under the date Aug. 25, was written, "Gwen and Maude are to start to-day from Dresden, per Ostend, for London, with all the party, and a sad lot of luggage. I advised them to divide the journey into three, four, or five days' easy stages. Gwen is a good one to travel, and a capital manager. Wrote to George for him to come on to town, and thence get away to Limelands." Then, dated August 27, the General recorded about his own movements, "Went to Limelands." And, 29th, "George arrives."

A blank was left; and then came, "September

1, Monday : I wonder Gwen does not write." Same day, "George received Cyril Grosvenor's letter from Boulogne ; go to India in 'Amaranth' ? Curious coincidence : great wits jump. Approved of Cyril's plan ; for, though I have never seen *him*, I regard him as almost a second son : I hear he is a miracle of good looks, so was his father, poor Arthur : and as regards his moral conduct, superior abilities, and vital religion, I feel for him the most intense esteem, and am glad my dear boy George has such a congenial companion. I shall also be glad to have the yacht out there." Same day, "George leaves me now for Newhaven ; poor fellow, he has some trouble, and much to arrange : so, I'll not keep him : must finish up by myself." On the same day, but evidently after George had left Limelands, the General inscribed these words, "Letter from naughty silent Gwen, to say that she and Maude are at Boulogne-sur-mer, with only our man Peters and her maid ; the others and the main baggage having gone as intended by Ostend to Portman Square. The reason of my dear good wife's being kept the wrong side of the Channel has been, that she has been so vexed at my father's trunk with such precious contents having gone astray on the way ; she says she thinks she has heard of it, and she waits for it, though it may not be got hold of for a day or two. This delay of hers on the Continent is awkward, as I ought to be starting so soon. But it cannot be helped ; and I am sure it is not my good Gwen's fault."

Then came, "Had I better meet her, at Boulogne, as it is on my way to go overland? *Boulogne*; it did not strike me before, that while my wife and daughter are *there*, Cyril happens to be there too. It is odd that Cyril Grosvenor and Lady Thornton and Maude should be at Boulogne together, probably without meeting, or even knowing one another by sight. Never mind; we shall (D.V.) see my unseen son, in the East."

The same day, but 'subsequent to the above, this entry appeared:—"Just as I had begun to write to Gwen, to suggest that she should spare herself some worry, by waiting for me quietly at Boulogne; I received from the Premier the flattering offer of a passage in a man-of-war." And among the letters in the casket, was this very letter, in Lord Palmerston's big plain hand, like a lumbering farmer's fist; I give a facsimile of his signature, traced from the original.

A large, stylized cursive signature of the name "Palmerston". The letters are connected and flowing, with a prominent 'P' and 'L'.

His lordship's letter was very kindly and "jauntily" conceived; it said, "I understand that you are quite ready to start. Now, there is the '*Orpheus*,' which is fixed to sail from Portsmouth on next Sunday morning. I almost wish you would elect to go in her, with Lady Thornton and all your

suite; you might then manage that Mauritius message so conveniently: and I think it would be more pleasant for you, to have all your party together, making only one sail of it, whereas the overland route has so many changes, and knocks ladies about so. However, my dear Thornton, consult only your own taste; *there* is the ship, if you wish to avail yourself of it." The General continued, "I write a warm acceptance. Such an offer is almost a command; and, I prefer the voyage: though longer, it is preferable for me. To start Sunday morning next! and to-day is Monday! I write to Gwen, to come at once, and to let nothing stop her, neither trunk nor anything else; she will only have time to get to Portman Square, where I hope to meet her on Friday evening, and we shall travel together to Portsmouth on Saturday. I tell Gwen that she and Maude are not to leave Boulogne later than Wednesday morning; and as there is down in Bradshaw a packet from Boulogne to Folkestone about eleven o'clock on Wednesday morning, *that* MUST be the one: my words are, 'Come, without a moment's delay.' I hope my old girl will not think me too imperative; but the time will have run very fine: and I cannot make my move without my chess-women."

"Sept. 2. Bless my daughter on her birthday. Heard from Lord S.; the postscript of his letter mentions a report that the succession to the earldom of Evelyn must devolve on Cyril Grosvenor, because of the failure of all the intermediate heirs.

“ Wrote to George, to tell him that his mother is at Boulogne, which she leaves at once; and that we are not going overland: and that he had better be in the ‘Amaranth’ at Portsmouth on next Saturday evening, near H.M.S. ‘Orpheus,’ for us all to confer together. Wrote to the gallant captain of the ‘Orpheus.’ ” On this, at the bottom of the page, the General had made the following note, “ George never could have received this letter of mine, as the gentleman who had officiously volunteered to post it immediately, kept it for near three days in his pocket before posting it, as I was told by a third party, to whom the careless fellow mentioned it with a shrug, saying, ‘What a head I have.’ Mem. avoid gentlemen letter-carriers, who say they will pop letters in the post for you, and who forget all about it, till too late.”

Here we may notice one or two of those strange little hinges of life, on which so much turns, but which, being “sunk in the wood” and in a corner, are not much observed. For, if George had but received his father’s letter, not only would the identity of Jessie and Maude have been earlier known, but also the ‘Amaranth’ would doubtless have accompanied the ‘Orpheus’ all along from Portsmouth, and events would perhaps have shaped themselves very differently. Nothing is more mysterious than to consider how it would have been, if certain little occurrences which seemed as likely to happen as not, had only taken place, instead of those which did.

"September 4. Received astonishing tidings from Gwen, who left Boulogne yesterday with Maude. There was a fire at their hotel, and Maude was in the most imminent danger. She was rescued in the most noble manner by a nameless gentleman; Gwen wrote to him. Say I, if it were only Cyril Grosvenor! The trunk was recovered. My poor ducks had a tremendous tossing in the storm."

"September 5, Friday. Get to Gwen to Portman Square, late; she had sent Peters to Boulogne some hours before. It *was* Cyril! How strangely things are working of their own accord, as if there was a providential attraction, under the magnet of Heaven. 'All things work together for good.' This Cyril must be Grosvenor; though I will not say much about it. How strange, that George's chosen friend, the child of the dead Anna and Arthur, should have saved my Maude's life, without knowing it was her."

Subsequently traced, "All will be well. Yet I cannot bear to see Maude crying, and so much distressed. She thinks, nothing can seem more unhandsome and ungrateful than the way in which circumstances have made her appear to have acted. But, for my part, as to the milliner's circular, and all that, I think it is fortunate things *were* so bad, because, such absurdity of conduct, such levity, such an insult, *could* not be intentional, and must only be construed by any generous mind as an affair capable of a better construction. A thing may in its aspect be so preposterous and outrageous, that it

may thus be proved not to have been designedly done. Maude does not appear to see the force of this; and possibly with her woman's wisdom she may have some inkling, which she is scarce conscious of, and which, if I were to clothe it in words, would shock her, to the effect, that she feels the young man loves her, and she fears he may now imagine that she meant to tell him that she did not desire his homage. Certainly, stylish girls treat young men quite as abruptly and harshly and uncere- moniously every day. If this is what Maude feels instinctively, I am, after all, rather afraid that her in- tuition reaches farther than my arguments; for, what would she thus have done more, than every heart- less jilt or coquette daily does?

"I find, Maude has confessed to her mamma, that she feels a fond interest in her preserver. Whoever he is, he is evidently a noble fellow; and I am sorry appearances are to him, as if he had been badly treated. Gwen thinks that, short as the time was, he loves her; and no wonder: who could help loving my matchless Maude? She tells her mother that from something she heard him say, he thinks her name is Jessie, or he has given her that name. So he cannot know who she is. All will be right. He must be Grosvenor."

"Saturday, September 6. London to Portsmouth, with Gwen and Maude and all my party. Gave Arabella fifty pounds as a marriage gift. We em- bark in the 'Orpheus;' great comforts. The captain is every inch an officer and a Christian gentleman;

all the officers seem polished and high-toned. I hope to have much time in this good ship to arrange my papers and plans; such leisure I could not have had going overland. Peters comes late; it *was* Mr. Grosvenor, who, two hours before Peters could get to Boulogne, had sailed thence this morning for India with George in the 'Amaranth.' Can we catch the yacht? Slight chance. Though there is much that is vexatious in this, still I am half amused at the idea that probably not even George, if he knows about 'Jessie,' can identify her with his own sister."

"Sunday morning, September 7. The 'Orpheus' sets sail from Portsmouth. We pause at Falmouth for final despatches and letters. Sunday night, set sail, fair wind. We hope to make one stretch of it, from Falmouth to the Mauritius."

Then came a record of a "great storm; we ran out to the ocean: think of Psalm 107, 'They that go down to the sea in ships,' etc. O what magnificent billows! sudden lull: ship lost topmasts: change of wind."

"September 12, Thursday evening. Run into Ferrol, unwillingly. As we were going in, saw the 'Amaranth' going out. I got our captain to signal twice, but the yacht takes no notice, and turns her back on us in the most haughty and defiant manner. Provoking. My brave boy won't be ordered, and he doesn't know I am here. I never saw anything more saucy and supercilious than the way the 'Amaranth' swung herself away from our signal;

it was a perfect strut of pride, quite plainly saying, 'How dare you think to dictate to me?' Gwen and Maude are both much concerned and distressed; a little of this is perhaps because they are shaken and weary after the storm. Still, I fancy, now that Maude knows 'Cyril' is *Grosvenor*, and that therefore there is nothing unsuitable in her fondly remembering him who saved her life; it is natural that her fresh young heart should give itself up at least to sisterly feeling towards one who is every way so deserving of her goodwill: the more so, if she had seemed personally to have dealt out hard measure to him. This would appeal to her woman's generosity, if not love. I see it all, but I had best say nothing, and leave the sweet girl to her own maidenly instincts. However, the pride of the 'Amaranth' has caused her a deep pang.

"Remained two days at Ferrol, refitting; none of us landed: it is forbidden ground! Shipped two able seamen." [One of these men was Enrique's father, Alfonso de Cabanas. Who the other was, cannot be explained; possibly he had nothing to do with Cabanas: or indeed he might have been some cut-throat comrade, bribed to aid the murderous enterprise: was it the priest? I think not: I fancy he was some mere ordinary sea-faring man: though it is not difficult in any one of the three papacies of Italy, Ireland, or Spain, to find more than one man who will stake life, for blood and money.]

"Left Ferrol; light winds: slow progress: great sameness. I managed to make Maude quite merry

and interested, by starting the problem, How are we to get *her brother* George and the 'Amaranth' to stop, if ever we catch sight of them again on our way? She says, George is so high-spirited, he would only resent anything imperative; so we must coax. But how? Gwen says (and likes him for it) that George would fire his three guns at the whole Channel Fleet, rather than submit to anyone's behests. Gwen suggests, Make some unofficial signal, *like* waving a handkerchief. I asked the captain, and he good-naturedly said a playful beckoning might be executed by one of the smallest and highest sails. Both ladies vote, that will do. But Maude says, 'Why not also clap hands with cannon?' Dear girl, she's right. Yet I'll say nothing of this, till we see the yacht; and then I know the captain will have it done in style for me.

"I much want to catch the 'Amaranth,' not only because of that momentous message to the 'Governor and Commander-in-chief of the Island of Mauritius,' but also because of the Queen's personal wish in the Prince —— matter. I must stop, with the 'Orpheus,' at the Mauritius, at least two days, and then forge on (if not to Bombay) straight to Calcutta, where I shall be detained and busy, and then work up to Simla. I therefore want the rapid yacht to run inside of Madagascar through the Mozambique Channel, and so on up to Bombay, to obviate my going to Bombay at all. George can leave the yacht with Captain Tyne at Bombay; and (taking Cyril with him, if he wishes) can go

from Bombay to Delhi and to Simla, and have a house bought and ready at the hills for his mother when we can come to him. I thus can stretch a point and entrust my Bombay despatch to my aide-de-camp George; and if thus I need not go to Bombay, this will save the 'Orpheus' having to circumnavigate India, as I would rather sail round Ceylon than travel by land from Bombay to Calcutta. The ultimate destination of the 'Orpheus' is Calcutta, whereas my first point is Bombay; and by means of George I can strike out 'Bombay' altogether from the programme of both the 'Orpheus' and myself. This is really important; and thus our catching the yacht may save all much time, and be of real public service.—Had a good laugh at Maude, for her getting to be so good a bombardier, and finding out (from good old Lieut. W.) that cannon will sound much farther when 'shotted.' She is bent on her Kentish Fire. How lively and lovely she is; why does the thought hang over me, that she is the only one of us to be left?"

[Much of all the above, in the original, was much abbreviated, with many contractions, and most of the small words left out; I expand the notes here, for the sake of being intelligible.]

Nothing particular was added, till it was mentioned, "We have got on famously, round the Cape of Good Hope, without stopping."

And then, "Friday evening, October 31. Sighted the 'Amaranth,' half becalmed, far ahead. Told the captain about Maude's Kentish Fire, which her

brother will recognize. The captain entered warmly into all our ideas. Made all sail; and then the handkerchief signal was shown with the loftiest sail; admirable. The saucy 'Amaranth' replies and stops; Gwen remarks, 'Now, that's my doing: women are some use.' Then Maude's nine guns are delivered; beautifully done, quite musical, a downright clap-hands. The 'Amaranth' responds with her three guns, to the same tune. Capital! Maude in high glee, clapped *her* hands, and danced on the deck for joy at her success. The seamen all of their own accord gave her an instinctive shout! O, it was grand to see the darling's triumph; the whole body of the seamen were looking on, and they thoroughly entered into the scene: any one of them would die for her, and they rate her 'no end of a lady,' since she brought to two of them who were sick, some posset which she had made with her own hands. So, when the noble fellows saw her dance on the deck, and clap her hands in triumph, *the honest tars gave her an irrepressible cheer, as if she was a goddess*; the shout seemed to have the ready ring of steel: and the warren's voice was perhaps the greatest compliment woman ever won, since Priam had to praise Helen. Blessings rest on my beauty, Maude; she looks something more than mortal: and somehow I feel quite melancholy, as if I was to be parted from my heart's own cherub: she is my setting sunbeam. I feel unaccountably depressed, as if there was a weight thrust down on the brain; a heavy hand on me:

like as some feel when a thunderstorm is about to——”

Thus General Thornton's record ended, with the sentence unfinished; and the concluding words were somewhat blotted, as if the sheet of paper had been hastily doubled up and thrust into its place in the casket, at the actual moment when he heard the alarm of fire.

CHAPTER VII.

EDENSOR.

“ To live without her song,
Was rather death than life ; to live unknown,
Unnoticed, unrenown'd : to die unpraised,
Unepitaph'd : to go down to the pit,
And moulder into dust among vile worms,
And leave no whispering of a name on earth !
Such thought was cold about the heart.”

POLLOK.

THE feeling of unreality, which sometimes creeps over us even amid ordinary concerns, might well assail Cyril here, when it was his lot to read the words of a dead adopting father whom he had never seen in life, with the writing as it were still wet from his hand, about so fresh and recent events, up to the last moment, and all so intimately interwoven with his dearest interests, explaining also so many points which had hitherto been mysterious to him. The casket also which was revealing to him all these circumstances, had seemed to be placed in his hands “ accidentally,” so that it appeared to be quite through a fortuitous conjuncture that he was now scanning facts of such vital import to himself. Many a man is thus startled at the seeming

“chance” that is befalling him; and yet, all the while, it is not an atheistic chance, but a *loving* Providence that is disposing all events: and though the shuttle may seem to be vaguely bandied backwards and forwards, it is steadily weaving and completing the warp and woof of destiny as dictated by Love.

Nevertheless, the *unreal* sensation had so stunning an effect on Cyril, he was not able to rise and bestir himself. He felt as if he must handle these papers, like as a dying person strokes and fingers the bedclothes. The great and awful fact before him now is, that Maude had been in the lost ship! Why does he not rise, and roam round every shore, and dash through every surf, to seek for *her* who is the queen of his every thought? Ah, often and often when we know a thing is only too true, we keep dallying with the proofs, as if some disproof might arise; we as if set the teeth, and clench the hands, and aver, with a paroxysm of incredulity, that we will scrutinize the case once more. When convinced, we defy conviction.

Here are other papers; let him read them. He had only been a few minutes glancing over those sheets written by General Thornton; here are other documents, letters in ladies' writing, perhaps one of Jessie herself. What is this? It is signed “Gwendoline,” and had been addressed by Lady Thornton to her husband, telling him, in her own words, “We took our journey, as you wished, by easy stages, starting on Monday the 25th, and

making Guntershausen and Coblenz the intermediate resting-places. Thus we reached Ghent on the 27th; and there, among all the packages we had with us, it happened, most unfortunately, that the one I should have regretted most (your father's) was found to be missing. We instituted a most strict search for it; and I soon became convinced that it had not been stolen, nor taken by mistake by any private hand, but that it had been forwarded wrong by the officials, and to Paris of all places. I saw it was best for me to send on the bulk of my party and baggage by Ostend to London, while Maude and I paused on the Continent, keeping only Arabella and Peters with us. In this way it was, that I stopped all Thursday at Ghent; where I was glad to be for a few hours, as it was there we were married on that happy Thursday, 5th of May, 1836: and I was able to revive many sweet associations. There was also my cousin L. with whom I was glad to renew old affection. On the whole, notwithstanding the vexation caused by the carelessness of the railway people, I have seldom enjoyed a happier few hours than at Ghent; all I wanted was, my old man and boy to be with me.

"We left Ghent on Thursday night, and arrived next day August 29th at Boulogne-sur-mer, which place I was told was as good as any in France to get a mis-sent parcel quickly and surely forwarded to; the spot also seemed to me the best at which I could await instructions from you about your movements. Knowing how grieved you would be to

lose that particular package, I resolved to tarry for it at Boulogne, whither I am told it will be sent to me safely in a day or two. So, here I am, amenable at any instant to your beck and call, as duteous as any poor slave of a woman can be to her lord and master and so on.

“As if the bother about the box was not enough, I must also manage to be quite unlucky about our location, so that we have not hitherto enjoyed ourselves much at Boulogne, owing to what Lord Carlisle would call the ‘ill-conditioned’ nature of some of the people. I think I remember you said there is a ragged breed of hawks that prowl up and down sea-shores, and that the sutlers of marine watering-places are like those gaunt birds of prey. Well, I believe a whole colony of gledes or kites must have settled at Boulogne, if I may judge from the featherless bipeds we have come across. I took good rooms towards the top of the Grande Rue, and I engaged them for a month, as they were not to be had for a shorter period, though I hoped not to have to stop even a week in Boulogne; for thus we may say ‘the lodger’s necessity is the lodging-house-keeper’s opportunity:’ and perhaps there is not much difference between the room-letter who sees you have no choice but to submit to his terms, and the poor wretch who finds the way to your unwary pocket and abstracts your purse accordingly. Of the two, I should say the pickpocket is the better villain, because he makes no pretences, and is the mere unvarnished thief. I know the excuse is,

that after every occupant, the places have to be 'cleaned up;' yet, you can fancy the amount of pollution caused by Maude and myself and our couple of tidy domestics: the cleaning, after a few days of *us*, would be awful, of course. However, even if an immense ablution were requisite, why not charge it honestly, 'To two charwomen and their brandy, ten francs each?' This would at least look honest, in comparison with 'taking in' lodgers for a week, and charging them a month. The rate also was high; but all this would not have mattered, if the people had been civil. When I agreed to call it a month, the manner of the people was so absurd, as if a great favor was conferred on me, that when they asked to be told my name, I declined to give it; 'In that case, Madam, we shall require to be paid in advance:' I paid it, as the price of my incognito: perhaps you, dearest, had better direct to me as 'Madame Epineville.' As soon as I had paid in advance, I saw they wanted to insult me, for when Peters instinctively replied to something I said, with 'your ladyship,' I observed they were what children more graphically than gracefully call 'sniggering,' as if sneering at us to themselves, implying that we were somehow impostors. I should not wonder but it is a Boulogne trade, to take in persons for a month who only want to remain a week, and then make the house by insolence too hot for them; thus perhaps getting paid four or more months for one month, by evicting one party after another.

“ They managed to make us quite uncomfortable, which we however thought we would try to bear for the time. So, please give us poor females credit for a little heroism ; Maude the martyr, our dear girl at once called herself. We arrived at Boulogne, you perceive, on Friday evening ; and, all day Saturday, and Sunday, we felt thoroughly forlorn and unquiet : I never remember to have passed a more comfortless Sunday, which perhaps we deserved, as we ‘ stayed at home,’ and did not go to church.

“ But, to-day [Monday, Sept. 1st] we have cheered ourselves up much better, as we determined to go about the place, in a thorough investigating manner ; and Maude’s light heart soon put me in good spirits. I never knew her more quizzical. She would have it, that the only nice people to be seen, were the mere passers-through, like ourselves, who could be distinguished by a disengaged or homeless air ; in fact you could see they were not oppressed by carrying door keys or cupboard keys. Whereas, the local settlers have a conscious look, besides being so badly dressed, as if they were stale dingy fixtures, unscrewed and put out to the sun, to avoid actual mould. You ought to have heard how Maude went on, and all to amuse me ; I did not know the dear child was so wicked. And certainly the place is much better than the people. We did our Boulogne duty, in mobbing the packet invalids, and staring and giggling, as is the rule of the place. We went on to the pretty pier, and up to some

ruins on the cliff; and, one way or another, we contrived to exorcise our fit of the blues, completely.

"We have also had brought in our way a very agreeable gentleman, whose name has not transpired; he is a remarkably prepossessing young man, and he was able to perform some little offices of courtesy for us, both at the pier and at the ruins. He has made a very favorable impression; and you know I am rather cautious about taking likings.

"Tuesday" [the same letter continued]. "It is quite curious how this young man is getting mixed up with us. For, last night, as our lodgings felt so dreary, and I did not wish Maude to get dull, after she had been so good to me in the morning; I took her to a concert here, for a short time: and what should 'Chance' do, but set him and Maude next to next. His manners are polished and intelligent to the highest degree; and as to his appearance, I need not say more than that he greatly resembles the late Arthur Grosvenor. Nor is he in the least intrusive; rather, the reverse: he has not even managed to introduce himself. You know how unlikely I am, to further any fresh acquaintanceships, situated as we are, ready to take wing at any moment; least of all, with strange young men, and, worst of all, good-looking ones. And yet, events have themselves been throwing Maude and this young gentleman together, in spite of everybody, as it were. Three times yesterday were they brought together, under circumstances which, though small in themselves, were romantic and

interesting. And the conversation which passed between them by snatches at the concert, is likely to have an engrossing effect on a heart so gentle as Maude's. The gentleman himself also is obviously much struck with Maude, as he might well be. Never did I see her looking more lovely.

"Again also, this morning, her birthday, I have something to relate, on the same topic. I was more delighted than I can tell you, to be able to recover the missing trunk. I went with Maude to the railway station here, about it; thus, as perhaps you remember the locality, I had to cross one of the bridges, which opens: and on returning, there was a disturbance at the bridge, as it began to open, while a crowd of excited people with a man who had been hurt by an accident were pressing up to the point where we were, so that we became very awkwardly hemmed in between this crowd and the gulf of the bridge. I confess I was much alarmed; Maude was less frightened, yet on the impulse of the moment she sprang like an antelope on the loose part of the bridge, and was there alone, to my great consternation: when, who should spring there too, but this young man, as if ready to render his services if wanted, without obtruding them. The style of the action was gallant and gentlemanly in the extreme. The bridge revolved back, and we got away without any disaster, the gentleman making a lane for us through the crowd, most effectually. Yet, on somebody's stopping to accost him, we got parted from him; and we learned from him nothing

as to who he is, any more than before. Maude felt fretted and faint ; and I had to go off with her in a cabriolet to our lodgings. I felt much chagrined at having to part so unceremoniously from one who had shown himself so sensible and so obliging.

“ No sooner had we got ‘home,’ than we had to move out altogether, the people having become intolerable. Arabella caught the mistress trying a key in one of our things ; and Peters found that a joint of meat of ours had got into their larder department. These things, with two or three other annoyances, I should probably have overlooked ; only that with much insolence they actually trumped up a charge against me, of having spilled an ink-bottle on the carpet. There was a stain, but it was evidently an old one ; nor had we used any ink except in our own little desks, which were all right. Thus the demand was a manifest falsehood and imposition. The amount claimed was eight napoleons, although the carpet could never have been worth four. So I set the swindlers at defiance, and I fetched off the street a man with one eye, and got him to move our things out of the house, there and then, to a hotel. They gained their object, to get their house free for new victims ; but, their gains will do them no good.

“ We had only got into the hotel, when I sent Peters to the post-office for our letters ; and then I received yours, telling us to ‘come without a moment’s delay’ : so, we leave our luggage in our downstairs sitting-room, without unpacking any-

thing: and I shall send Maude to bed early, as she seems much put out, and tired. And to-morrow, Wednesday, please God, we mean to start by the morning steamer for Folkestone, whatever the weather may be."

Here this letter ended, and another letter in the same handwriting, dated Portman Square, London, Wednesday evening, Sept. 3, 1862, went on to say, "The tidings I have for you are singular. I wrote to you from Boulogne, yesterday evening, recounting our adventure at the bridge. I sent Maude to bed, and I continued writing by myself downstairs, when some one burst into the room, vociferating, that the house was on fire! I tried to get upstairs to Maude, but the staircase at the top was all in flames, as the conflagration had taken most hold there; Peters wanted to dash through the flames, but it would have been certain death. I got outside of the house, and I told Arabella to take advantage of the services of a man who offered himself, to get our luggage out; and this man [Encelade] secured a place ready for us in a house not far off. In the meanwhile, Peters had obtained a ladder, which was raised up towards where Maude's room would be; and Peters was ascending the ladder, when it broke with him, and he was severely bruised by the fall. Another ladder being procured, the same young gentleman, who has been our good genius here, now presented himself, and ran up the ladder, and went into the house through a high window. O, how thankful did I feel, when I saw him, as I felt at once, he

would do what the case required ! How fervently did I thank God for this succor. After a pause, which seemed hours to me, the young man re-appeared, bearing our darling Maude muffled up in a blanket ; and he descended the ladder with her in his arms, which must have been a most difficult operation, as the ladder was too short. She had been in her bed, in a very deep sleep, and she must have perished there, only for him ; he had to bear her through a sheet of flame : nor could his devotion have been exceeded by any of the knights of old. Having borne her down the ladder, he carried her on to the new lodgment, where he gave up Maude to us unharmed, his manner to her having evinced the utmost delicacy. When he resigned her into our extended hands, at the door of our new room, we were, Maude and all of us, too excited and weeping to speak ; I fainted : when I revived, he was gone. He had not said anything about himself to Maude ; for, with the highest sense of decorum, he plainly had felt it was most suitable for him to retire for the present, and to reserve all communications for some future and less embarrassing opportunity. Maude says, nothing that can be conceived, could surpass the kind and reverential and self-devoting manner in which he acted towards her. He even had the thoughtfulness, amid such an emergency, to sweep all her clothes and things into a bundle as it were, and bear them with him for her. He did not care about himself, but only sought to save her, and to shield her from harm.

“ But, our troubles were not done ; for, the house question has been our Boulogne bane. The tenement to which, amid the confusion, we had consented to flit, was not only a very mean one, but there was some break-up in the house, the master being bankrupt, and drunken, and so very saucy, that Peters, despite his suffering from the fall, had to chastise him. Hence we had no alternative but to move again ; and this time we made interest to be admitted into the same packet in which we were to sail : and this we accomplished. But the result has been, that we have missed the gentleman altogether. Doubtless he meant to call on us in the afternoon at the house to which he bore Maude ; but we knew not where he lived, nor who he was, and we could only watch for him. There were more than one pair of eyes looking out for him ; but, in vain. The inexorable hour came for the packet to start, and it bore us away without our even seeing him, so that we absolutely have not even thanked him for *saving Maude's life*. I can scarce tell you how vexed and disconcerted I am, to have lost sight of so providential a friend ; we seem to have used him so ill, with such disrespect, such disregard : he knows not how we were pressed for time, nor can we explain the matter aright, as we have failed to meet : all looks so surly, so thankless, so cruel, on our part. We seem to be acting in a way which is the direct reverse of the nature of both Maude and myself. And, as concerns the young gentleman himself, recent acquaintance as he is, I feel a real regard for

him; as nothing could have been more chivalric, more noble, more pure, than the way he acted to Maude. We seem to lose all trace of him.

"However, without much hope of its being any use, I left for him a letter, which I entrusted to the same civil creature who had directed us to the unfortunate house; he had seen the gentleman carry Maude thither. It is just possible that my messenger may recognize him, and that my communication may reach him after all. Maude seems more hopeful about this, than I am.

"The storm was tremendous; yet, we crossed safely, thank God: and we arrived in London, where we had scarce time to get all ready. We are all as busy as bees. I rely on your coming, dearest, on Friday, to your loving and devoted wife,

"EDENSOR."

This letter was thus playfully signed by Lady Thornton with her real title, though she usually appended her signature as simply Gwendoline, or Gwen Thornton.

Another paper, not dated, and seeming to be not so much a letter, as a memorandum, or meditation on paper, had the following unpremeditated remarks, "How sad! the note which, in my flurry and agitation, I gave to the messenger at Boulogne, was the wrong one. Thus the only link is severed; and thus the gentleman, to whom we owe so much, will only have got some ridiculous mantua-maker's

missive, as if a combination of insult and ingratitude: nor can any clue be now taken hold of. And, Maude loves him, as might be expected; she has just confessed it to me, in an agony of distress: poor girl! what can I do? But she says, she knows his name is 'Cyril.' It seems, when we missed him after the event at the bridge, and when his dog followed us, before we got into the vehicle, then Maude stooped to kiss the head of the dog, and in doing so, she saw on the collar the dog's name 'Floss' and its master's name 'Cyril.' Do you remember that Arthur used to speak of a favorite dog 'Floss' which was shot by some awkward sporting friend? This Cyril must be Grosvenor; this is what we could wish. All I can do is, to send Peters to Boulogne, to try and amend the mischance. I trust Maude will by degrees become more composed and reconciled, as I see she has great trust in the nobility of heart of her preserver; and I think she will rely on him, that he will not in his own mind impute to her any unworthy or ungracious course. Afflicted though she is, she prefers to give him credit for every honorable impulse, which she hopes he will equally ascribe to herself."

It would not be possible to describe the emotions of Cyril's heart, when thus by such authentic testimony he became admitted to a knowledge of the fact that he had a hold on the most secret affections of her whom he passionately loved.

And here is doubtless her own writing. Yes, though there is no date nor signature, the writing

is recognized by Cyril as the same beautiful hand which he had seen on the back of her photograph which he got from George. The paper is one headed "Report to Papa," with a gay affectation of formality; evidently it had been her father's wish to induce her to tell him all her current thoughts. So, the report was formal, as if a lesson or task; but the subject-matter was chiefly merriment and fun, with all the joyous turns that may arise in an innocent young lady's thoughts. Such a system, of fond confidence between a father and daughter, is a good one; and yet it must cease, when the new passion of love enters the maiden's bosom: love being more powerful than filial or any other duties. At the beginning of the report, Maude is open and free; at the close she is reserved, and a captive, the captive of love.

In a lively spirit she first wrote, "You always tell me, my darling papa, that I am to flourish my fingers, and keep them in play, so as perhaps at last to make myself quite an accomplished ready writer, by having a steady course of composition, in the shape of furnishing you with a little description of everything that has occurred to interest me or amuse me. You say, it is a good theme, or a capital practising lesson in writing, for me to relate to you all sorts of daily incidents in which I may have been concerned. I am however sly enough to fancy there is something beyond the mere question of composition and caligraphy. I feel pretty certain that in fact my dearest pa wants to know

everything I am thinking about. And so he shall. It is not much for me to do, to gratify one who is never tired of lavishing every kindness on his pet. The probabilities of course are, as I have often told you, that, when you get each report, you will not find that your own little Maude, who is not so very little, has much to indite that is very fine or important. Still, it is enough that my small prattle pleases you ; and I am sure it gratifies me to chat to you on paper. And between whom could entire confidence exist better, than (now, that's well worded) between such a darling kind papa as you are, and your own *big* girl who doats on you, and would tickle you well, if you were only within reach. And, remember, I intend to be as good as my threat, the next time I get near you, nor shall I be kissed out of it, as I mean you shall submit resignedly to a thorough good infliction, and at the very spot just under your right ear where I found long ago you can bear it worst. But, to business. Do you know, I was getting almost tired of Dresden, and was tolerably willing to leave it. And if it is to the gorgeous East we are going, I think I can make up my mind to like the idea of it. It is true, there will be rough seas and hot suns to encounter ; but I should feel repaid by having a gaze at the grand range of the Himalaya mountains, and at the huge rhododendrons. Some one has indeed rather spoiled the romance of the regular forests of enormous flowering rhododendrons, by telling me that though they are as large as great

trees, they are ragged and straggling, and not near so pretty as those that adorn the 'American beds' in one's own garden. I wish however there would not always be people going about to spoil all one's little romances. Now, for my part, I should say, let us have both; let us have the pretty little rhododendrons in our pretty little gardens, and let us have the overgrown ones in the mighty Himalaya valleys, where nature is all on such a gigantic scale. 'Well done, my girl!' Now, you hush that. For, do you know, I have been rather in an irreverent mood here at Boulogne, laughing at everything and everybody, to cheer mamma; and after I had contrived to make her quite merry, we went down to the end of the pier, and what should we come upon there, but a gentleman making a grand palaver to his dog, and doing it as well and as funnily as I could myself. I could scarce keep from letting him see me smiling, which was very naughty, and I began to feel ashamed of myself; so I got mamma to move away, and go off somewhere else. When, what should I do, but drop my handkerchief, as I was a little confused and nervous; but I did not know I had lost it, till that fine big dog brought it to me. The dog seems to be something out of the common run, as much as his master; for, what do you think? The dog came quietly after us, and raised itself up with its fore-feet in the air, and returned me my handkerchief as if it were a rational being, which perhaps it is. Mamma and I could not help but smile, and bow to the dog's master,

who is evidently quite a gentleman, in George's style. You must not think there was anything uncourteous in his sending the handkerchief by the dog instead of bringing it himself; the matter had no such aspect: for he had carefully wrapped the handkerchief in some pretty paper, to keep it from contact with the dog's mouth, and the tone of the whole affair was to the effect that he would not presume to intrude any further than was unavoidable. The little incident amused us finely. And we went roving about the place, where the worst houses are in the best situations, as if the French had no such real liking for the sea as we have, till we came to some old ruins, to the top of which I scrambled like seven or eight goats, and there, while glancing at the view, I could not help overhearing someone settling that some young lady's name was Jessie, 'Jessie of Boulogne,' and who should this be but myself! Mamma I thought was not coming up on the ruins; however, she did follow me partly, when she grew rather giddy, and slipped a little, and called out, frightening me terribly, darling mamma she is. And then the same gentleman came right up the cliff, dog and all, and helped *Jessie* down so nicely and gracefully; you cannot imagine how agreeable he is. He walked with us a little way, and then we parted, I suppose never to meet again.

"Tuesday, September 2, 1862. I resume my gold pen, to wish myself 'many happy returns of my birthday,' in your name. Only fancy, I am seven-

teen! Why, I am getting quite old, and sensible of course, which I must show by pointing out to you that though I am only seventeen, I have had eighteen birthdays; because, when I was only one year old, I had already numbered two birthdays, one the day itself on which I was born, and the other my one-year-old day: so I have had eighteen birthdays: what do you think of that? However, to-day *is* the anniversary of the natal hour of *her* who etc., etc., and who etc., etc., and whose name 'Maude' is that of the Empress 'Matilda,' only, *the dear child* likes Maude best.

" 'How merry she is!' But, my darling papa, if all this may sound light-hearted, I really could easier cry than anything else, I feel so sad and strange. It is so curious, I wrote for you yesterday afternoon, a description of my meeting the kind gentleman at the pier and the ruins, and afterwards I went with mamma in the evening to the concert, and there I was surprised to meet him again; he was actually sitting next to me, and O I was so pleased and happy to see him and talk to him; was it wrong? Three times the same day I have been unintentionally brought near to him, as if I was destined to become acquainted with a stranger, and yet I do not feel as if he was a stranger. O, he spoke to me—and yet he did not—but I know very well—that is—but, I hope to tell you some other time, as I know not how to write what I feel. It seems as if I could never send all this to papa; and yet I suppose I should.

“Once more, after an interval, I write to papa again, and it is about the gentleman. We became entangled in a crowd at the bridge, and mamma was alarmed; when, the gentleman appeared, and went on to the dangerous part for me, and led us out of the worst of the throng, when we were parted from him, before he could tell us who he is. I felt ill, and then we had to move to this hotel. I cannot tell you, papa, how strange I feel; it seems as if something quite new had come over me, and as if *one* had suddenly risen to take a place with George, and even with you and mamma, among those most precious to me. Will you tell me that the feeling will go away, and that it ought to be so? One moment I resolve that I must burn all this, as you would perhaps not approve of my harbouring such thoughts at all; and then immediately it strikes me that I ought to let the written paper go to you, as usual, and I *do* so want your advice.

“Wednesday morning. O papa, *he* bore me last night through the raging fire, and so gently, so respectfully, and only thinking of me, as if I was some dear sister. He put himself in the greatest danger, all on my account; and only for him I should have been devoured by the flames. Can it be wrong of me to feel fond of Cyril who saved me from the most dreadful of all deaths, and who has acted every way in a manner that could not be surpassed by the truest and best friend? O, he is so beautiful, so good, so kind, and I shall never see him again, and I seem to have treated him so badly, so unfeelingly ——”

Such, broken and incoherent, was the close of the tender maiden's confession ; and evidently also it was the end of all such confidential reports. She had written, on and on, unveiling more and more of her new feelings, till she became conscious that the avowal was more fit for her own desk, or for the flames, than for *any* second person's perusal. And she had at last doubled up the paper and sent it, only in a sort of paroxysm, and under the force of habit. As it was, it well betokened the captured and engrossed condition of the heart of the gentle writer.

CHAPTER VIII.

MAUDE.

“ Now he, and all, between whose knees I play’d,
Cold, in the narrow cell of death are laid ;
‘ My father ! ’ to the lonely surge I sigh :
‘ My father,’ the lone surge seems to reply.”

BOWLES.

No wonder that Cyril’s eyes were bedimmed, as he read these last lines of Jessie’s, where the writing had been actually blotted with her tears ; tears, drawn from her, by the thought of *him*.

He placed the papers hurriedly back in their receptacle ; and rose up wildly—for what ? to seek her ? Yes, he must find her,—though he seemed at the moment to have scarcely strength for any effort, so weakened was he by sorrow and excitement. He tottered on, and stretched out his hands, as if he was blind, or like the miraculous figure of Elymas the sorcerer in Raphael’s cartoon.

There was a slight ridge stretching up from the shore, and towards this he proceeded. And here he was roused, and enabled to recover his energies, by observing how Floss stopped at a small patch of smooth soft wet sand, on which an impression had

been left, and still partly remained. The dog snuffed and leaped about with pleasure, and Cyril kneeled down to examine the spot. He perceived that though the impression was somewhat obliterated or clogged by drift-sand, it *was* the mark of a small foot. He could discover no other print anywhere around, possibly because at this one patch only was the sand damp, owing to some small latent spring, or ooze. The rest of the sand, all about the place, was dry and loose; and hence there was only the one footmark remaining.

Very different from what De Foe imagined about Robinson Crusoe, this one footprint caused hope and joy. There might then be some human being on the place! Could it be some survivor of the 'Orpheus'? Perhaps some ship's-boy, of the crew, or some cheery little midshipman.

Proceeding inland, Cyril observed, on one other damp spot, the footstep again; and here it was more distinct, and it seemed too narrow and neat to be a boy's foot. Whoever it was, the person would seem to have struck inland, perhaps to seek shelter from the thought of the woe-working sea, or possibly to search for fresh water, and to look for berries or some wild food. Cyril could also perceive two or three footsteps of some animal, not less in size than those of a dog or a goat, possibly a wolf or jackal, but the marks were too blurred and indistinct for him to be able to identify them.

Evidently there was much before him, for him to discover. He clutched his stout boat-hook firmly,

and went forward, Floss snuffing the way for him.

As he went on, and on, he at length perceived something—What is it? It is a figure!! He shouted to it. But, whoever it was, the person turned to flee. Cyril hastened to follow, and Floss sprang forward, but Cyril called him to heel, and the dog did not bark, but whined with impatience and eagerness.

And now with all-engrossing emotion Cyril perceived that the figure he was pursuing seemed to have the dress of a woman, though the clothes (doubtless wet) appeared to cling to her. He again, with less loud voice, called, "Do stop; I am a friend."

But at the very moment he spoke, the poor fugitive fell forward headlong; and when Cyril speedily reached her, she seemed to be dead.

She was lying on her face, quite motionless. "It must be my Maude," he said to himself. Hence he was not as it were surprised, when, as he tenderly raised her, he perceived, that hers were the inimitable lineaments of his adored Jessie.

She did not seem to breathe; and her features, so pale and marble-like and chill, had the drawn cast of death. Yet, yes, there is one ray of hope; for, the eyes are not ghastily open, nor are the lips gaping apart. Hence there may be some of the tension of life, within the lovely shrine.

He sat for one moment on a rounded bank, bearing her on his lap, while her head hung back on his

shoulder, looking so helpless, so awful in her corpse-like beauty.

But then, imagining that it was at least a faint which was overcoming her, he started up with her, bearing her in his arms, to carry her to the water; for, he thought, even sea-water perhaps, if sprinkled on her face, would help to revive her, and bring her back to consciousness. He could not divest his mind of the idea that the pinched aspect of her angelic features was the result of absolute hunger; that she had been literally starved all those many hours on that bare shore, and that what was written on her loved face must be interpreted as the gaunt lines of actual famine, or, still worse, of parching thirst, which is the worst of all sufferings, being no less than "EVEN the death of the cross." It was with fond concern, and such an agony of affection, such a pang of pity for the dear one, as almost to unman him, that Cyril (perhaps in his strength) thought how light she felt, how wan, how attenuated, in so short a time; and how dank, wet, and comfortless was her clothing. Poor darling! O if he could but save her!

Strong as he was by nature, he seemed endued with more than his wonted strength, as now he *rushed* back with her across the country, towards where he judged the fountain of living water must be; Floss carrying the boat-hook in his mouth. Nor was Cyril long in reaching the water; and there, where he had been so lately reading her own words, he sat down beside the spring, and he cast

some drops of the icy fluid on her brow : and O how was he enraptured, to see, that she shrank and shuddered, as she felt the baptism of his love. He also moistened her lips, and held her in the best position, waiting prayerfully till the "God of the spirits of all flesh" should restore to her the functions of life.

She sighed, and recovered a slight brief consciousness ; when he, having the cup from the top of the silver flask ready, gave her a drink of the water, which brought a more life-like look to her face, though she had not yet raised her eyes. She however at once sank back, not so much into another faint, as into a sort of sleeping swoon, which left nevertheless the good and cheering hope that her inestimable life might still be spared.

So, managing to carry a cup full of the water with him, he bore her to the tent ; and there, sitting on her father's trunk, he let her rest awhile in his arms.

At length she revived, and he saw the light of life in her timid eyes. "It is your own Cyril, dearest Jessie, my own Maude, girl of girls ; trust yourself to me, and I will take all care of you, and rescue you, once again, with God's help." She only murmured "*Yes,*" and she leaned her head on his shoulder, too weak to weep.

He made her raise herself, and take another taste of the water ; and he also held to her lips some of the moistened biscuit, for which the poor girl, though famished, felt distaste at first : because often those

who are really drooping for want of food, cannot eat it when it is offered to them, as if the human system had become too unstrung to play its own part. Indeed those who have suffered severe sea-sickness, sometimes become more and more exhausted after reaching land, because they feel the utmost loathing, on any sort of food being offered to them; whereas, all the time, actually nothing is the matter, except the mere need of meat and drink.

Before long, however, Maude was able to take some of the simple sustenance which Cyril gently forced on her, and she even relished it, and was wonderfully invigorated. Cyril said scarce a word, though he looked whole histories; he avoided conversation, because he felt that thus only could he hope to postpone the harrowing task of having to tell her of the death of all so dear to her, which shock might at the present moment extinguish the little vitality of one now so enfeebled.

So, now, assuming a cheerful or playful manner for the instant, he propped her up against the central mast in the tent, telling her, "See, you are quite strong now, and you can sit up quite well, like a brave girl;" and then, going out, he brought in some of the canvas which had been drying all the afternoon, and this he arranged as if a bed for her, spreading it over the soft weeds which were heaped beneath it, making a large cushion or couch, rough indeed and coarse for such delicate and tender limbs, still far better than nothing, for one in her wearied state. He also placed her to sit on it, as if to try

how it would do ; and then he opened the trunk, and taking out of it some of the few articles of *male* attire (there being none other), he took her hand, and begged her to reconcile herself to the situation, and not to be startled or discomposed at any of the circumstances, however awkward or unusual.

He told her, " This tent is your chamber, sacred to yourself alone ; and I will leave you now for the night, and keep watch outside for you. I shall be not near enough for any intrusion on your presence to be even imagined ; and yet I shall be close enough be within call, should any alarm or any indisposition attack you. You will here be as safe and as private as you would be in a bedroom in Windsor Castle ; I shall be your guard, near you, yet not prying on you. Trust to my honor, as if I was a brother, and you my honored sister. Let me then entreat you, when I leave you, to divest yourself of your soaked attire, which must be still damp, and can only throw you into a fever ; and then, put on some of this clothing, which, though male, has never been worn by man : and, what does it matter ? The object is that your own garments being spread about the tent, may dry of themselves by morning, when you can resume them without much risk. So, do be persuaded by me, to take this most necessary care for your health ; and O, do rest your precious form on this rugged pallet, and trust, not only to me, but also that the God who has saved you, will shield you here. Will you not ? "

" I will, dearest Cyril," was sweet Maude's reply.

And O how ineffably delicious were those gracious accents of hers, as heard by him from the lips of one so glorious, so dear to him. As we saw, Cyril thought it best to withdraw from conversation with her for the present, although it was so delightful, and although he much wanted to have the strange problem resolved, how Maude had been enabled to reach the land. But he felt instinctively that the more dread question on her side would have to be encountered, Where was George? and where were her parents? Could she bear such a tremendous disclosure? Cyril even concurrently (we are such contradictory creatures, and we have such strange mixtures in our motives) was beginning to discuss the very point in his own mind rapidly, whether it might not after all be better to tell her at once, and relieve her of the dire suspense which might be worse than certainty?

While Cyril was yet undecided, and was fussing about some things, before quitting the tent; he was startled and cut to the very soul by a cry of agony escaping from Maude. For, she was not a tragic queen, nor a harsh heroine, devoid of feeling; she was a good warm-hearted English girl, with natural fondness, and with glowing affections. Hence, the sense of loneliness came over her; and also she had an indistinct perception, that the fact of Cyril's being by himself, amounted to a proof, that, for her, father, mother, and brother, all were lost. So, the poor girl, overcome with anguish, gave a suppressed shriek, and throwing up her hands, moaned forth,

“O, where is papa, and mamma?—where are they all?”

Cyril was intensely terrified, and he feared that she would perish outright, as she was so wrung with the pangs of despair; for, she did not so much cry or scream, as gasp and strain, as though the great sorrow was stifling her. Loth as he was to leave her, Cyril caught up the flask-cup, and ran for more water, (and soon returned with it,) as it was the only cordial he had. And when he came back, he found that good Floss had crept up to Maude, and had laid his beautiful head on her lap, and put up his paw as if to draw down one of her hands, with all the appearance of wanting to divert her attention to a new channel. The effect was salutary and soothing, so that though Cyril was away for so few seconds, he found her better and more composed on his return. The faithful fondness of Floss had borne good fruit, in Maude's being less direly agonized. So Cyril saw that he had best go through with his mournful duty at once; the more so, inasmuch as Maude seemed certainly to anticipate and almost be aware of the sad tidings that her relatives were all no more. Wherefore he deemed it best to break the topic to her, in the shape of assuming that of course they were all dead, but that she had the good ground for consolation inasmuch as their dear remains were not left to the mercy of waves or monsters, but were peacefully reposing, free from outrage or profanation. So he took her and gently raised her, hoping

that even the change of posture might abate the flow of grief; and so she stood, supported by him, and leaning her head upon his breast.

"Dearest Maude," he said, "you must not give way. Try and bear up, do, let me say, 'for my sake.' Terrible as it is to you, that the lamps of life of the three most dear to you should so suddenly be extinguished, still, think what it would have been, if their dear forms had now been tossing about in the lawless waves; and how glad therefore must we be, that they are safe from such a fate. Yes, Jessie, you did not know that; so, be cheered by this good news, that I have recovered their loved remains, which I rescued from the sea, and have shielded them, not far from here, unharmed, and O so beautiful in death: O what a mercy, that they are not the sport of the waves!"

In this way did Cyril try at a venture to make the best of a bad case; for, though Maude might possibly have been clinging to a hope that some one or other of her loved ones might still survive, and therefore now the actual knowledge of their death would so far be desolating: still, on the whole, the circumstance that they *were* lost, was almost known already, and therefore the *idea* of any sort of "consolation," *was* consoling: and so half stunned, and feeling more as if she ought to be reconciled, Maude accepted the comfort, and her arms clung to him, almost clasping him, while she murmured out, "Dearest Cyril." He kissed her lovely forehead; he could not do less: and he

seated her again on the couch. He again exacted from her the promise that she would change her damp clothes ; he laid out the other things for her : and having lit one of the tapers, leaving others ready, (and taking some himself, with the tinder-box apparatus and the gunpowder,) he showed her where was the "housewife" case of threads and scissors and so on, and the dressing things : and he also pointed out to her where was the plain nutriment, the cup and biscuit, the mere "bread and water" for the queen of his heart. He shrank from the idea of taking the gun out of its place ; it seemed repugnant to him to draw forth the present, from the dead to the dead : he could not use the gift that had never been used. However, as there was in the trunk a very fine skean or dagger-knife in a sheath, he threw the strap of it round his neck ; and with his dirk and the boat-hook and Floss, he felt prepared to face the night.

Once more he urged on Maude what she should do ; and he charged her to banish all distressing thoughts till the morrow, when he would have much to tell her. She was much dazed and bewildered, not knowing scarce whether to be consoled or not ; she was indeed utterly tired, and wearied out : and Cyril hoped that if she only got to a dry bed, she would sleep, and would be stronger and better by next day.

Getting her to promise him that she would try and not fret any more to-night, he knelt on one knee, and took her hand, and reverently kissed it,

bidding her good-night, with all the intensity of respect, and with all the warmth of love. She responded to him, "Good-night, dearest Cyril; I trust you will take care of *yourself*, and not——"

Here he quitted the tent, glad to leave her to cherish such a thought. He closed the flap which answered for a door, and thus she was left to herself, quite comfortably guarded from the least breath or inroad of night air. It was to Cyril a most thrilling and astounding thought, that the tent, which he had deliriously constructed, so hurriedly and roughly; now contained the gentle girl, the one bright being, whom above all others he was thankful to have, thus protected.

"Jessie, alive, Jessie, saved by me, and resting in that tent!!" If ever prayer and praise ascended from the human heart, they now burst from Cyril's soul, when he reflected how it would have been, if Jessie were *not* there.

Cyril began now to think, what work he should have to do during the night, and how he had best employ himself. It could not now have been more than seven o'clock or so of Saturday evening; and though he was going so short a distance, he left the trusty Floss in charge of Jessie's "doorstep." He went on to where the three graves were, and he stood there some time, bare-headed, in deep thought; then he knelt, and poured forth his evening devotions. Rising from them, it struck him, that it might perhaps be reassuring to Maude, for him to sing. And on that solemn still eve, he

naturally selected what they had sung in the 'Amaranth,' the Church's old Evening Hymn, "Glory to Thee, my God, this night, For all the blessings of the light; Keep me, O keep me, King of kings, Beneath Thine own Almighty wings." Cyril had a fine voice, and Maude must have been able to hear him, as he sang out loud and clear. Floss, when he began, gave a whine, as if desiring to walk with him, yet knowing he must not. As Cyril came on, a little way from the tent, his voice was still plainer to be heard; and as he went up the shore some way, and turned back, his voice could be distinguished in its rise and fall, and his steps could as if be traced in harmony. Thus Maude could genially be aware that the alert and sagacious dog was couching at her tent-door, and that Cyril himself was pacing up and down as a sentinel not far from her; nothing could better convey to her mind the soothing sense of security. As he passed her, the words he sang were, "Teach me to live that I may dread The grave as little as my bed; Teach me to die that so I may Rise glorious at the judgment day." Maude, lying down, heard the words, and they drew tears from her eyes, but they were sweet tears; and so, soon, through sheer fatigue, she sank to sleep.

Cyril continued his walk, soon in silence, for a good hour and a half. And then the very stillness of Maude's tent seemed to frighten him. How could he know whether another spasm of anguish may not have attacked her, and, with no one to help her

or attend to her, may she not have expired? He was much tortured by the thought, how is he to discover whether she is even alive, in that silent sepulchral tent? Shall he begin to sing again, softly, and then as he passes by the tent, shall he say, "Good-night, once more, dearest Maude"? But, he had as if made a tacit covenant with her, that, after he had left the tent, he would not interfere with her, unless she summoned him. And the thought of his wanting to keep up any colloquy with her, would naturally be afflicting to her under the circumstances, as if dabbling with her disarray; and at least it would be enough to make her uncomfortable. Moreover, if she was dropping asleep, how injudicious, nay, baneful, would it be, to break such beneficial slumbers, and to keep her perhaps for hours awake. She must *not* be disturbed, nor spoken to. And yet Cyril must satisfy himself that she is alive. He went very noiselessly to the back of the tent, near where, if asleep, she would be reposing; and there, listening breathlessly, in the calm night, close to her, and with only the stout canvas between, bending down as he would over a death-bed, he could distinctly hear her measured respirations, evidently in a deep and sound and placid sleep. O with what exulting thankfulness did he softly rise and retire some way off, full of ecstasy, saying, "She sleeps, she is well; she will be strengthened, she will be spared to me, my own Maude."

And now, he thought, if ever, would be the time

for him to light his bonfires, so as to attract the notice of some passing ship. And as several vessels had witnessed the destruction of the yacht and of the man-of-war, it would be certain that some vessel would be despatched to search the coast, and pick up any survivors. But then, on the other hand, such a ship would itself hang out lights, and make signals with flags or rockets and so forth; whereas no such lights or tokens were as yet visible anywhere. And as to mere passing merchantmen or packets, it would be quite hopeless to try to make them stop at night and scrutinize any odd combinations of combustibles. So, where is the use of now kindling a fire?

Besides, though he has now the materials for ignition, and could have a fine triple blaze in a few minutes; might it not be very dangerous to do so? Suppose there are bands of savages along the coast; they might never notice him, if he kept quiet: whereas, they are often out on warlike or hunting expeditions by night, and the fires might be seen from immense distances, and would invite the bushmen to come and beat up his quarters, and ply him with their little poisoned arrows. Not only so, but even if there were no savages to be attracted, there might be wild beasts to be thus drawn to the spot. The fountain in the neighbourhood would already be sure to entice them all, if any, to the vicinity, in general; and then the fire would lure them up to the very place. For, it is a mistake to think that a fire frightens away panthers and lions and other wild

beasts. On the contrary it fascinates them, and inveigles them up to the very edge of the circle of fire. True, they will not cross the line of burning, but they will be evoked up to it, and will ravin all round; just as moths do not like a candle, and yet they will flutter right up to it.

In this style Cyril satisfied himself, that though, like many a man, he had prepared a laborious work, he had better not use it, after all. So, he has nothing to do, but to keep watch. In this way, several hours passed, up to two o'clock or so, and all was quiet.

And now I have the painful duty to record, that, at this crisis, Cyril failed in his duty as a true knight. Is it, then, that he, who had behaved so well hitherto, now, on a Ruth and Boaz footing, wanted to creep into a corner of the tent, to be shielded from the night? No; it was nothing of the kind. His allegiance to Maude was and continues to be perfect. What then is his dereliction? It is simply that he is not a thorough-going hero. But then, we have never set him forth as a fictitious hero. As a hero, he would be most romantically insensible to pain, or hunger, or sleep. The fact then is, in short, Cyril felt somnolent. It must be remembered, what he had gone through; how he had been borne helplessly on the sea last night, and how much he had exerted himself during the day, and how he had now watched through much of this night, without any incident. The very satisfaction itself of knowing that Jessie was safe, and was

enjoying salutary repose, was very lulling or soporific. So, Cyril assured himself that there was no good in his wearing himself quite out, by keeping up a mere policeman's beat.

Accordingly, he chose his place, on the bare dry sand, in front of the tent, with the wakeful Floss at his head; the boat-hook being ready to his right hand, and the dagger handy for his left. In this manner, with real intrepidity and faith, he lay down, and was immediately asleep. Nor do I see that he is herein to be really blamed, except on some Quixotic score. I fancy, he showed his sound sense. His great object was, to serve Maude. He had, as he imagined, ascertained, that nothing hostile was on the move near him. Wherefore he had best be bold and take a short invigorating nap, because two or three hours of healthful sleep would recruit his powers, and qualify him to acquit himself the better during the ensuing day on Maude's behalf. This exonerates him. For, like as foolhardiness is not courage, because it is contrary to common sense; so also whenever a romantic course becomes unreasonable, extravagant, or strained, the romance degenerates into mere folly, and the "knight" is a sheer idiot, tilting at windmills. Rely upon it, whenever romance may beckon us one way, and expediency the other; the best umpire to arbitrate on each procedure, is always, the uncommon thing called common sense.

Speaking of "common sense," I feel tempted to remark that the earliest mention I know of the

phrase, is in Phædrus, who flourished A.D. 15; his sixth fable makes the fox moralize on the tragic mask having no brains: which was meant as a slap at those who get from Fortune personal advantages, but no common sense, "*sensum communem*." And perhaps Juvenal (A.D. 82) adverts to this very passage when he asserts that where there is exalted Fortune, it is unusual to see common sense, "*sensus communis*." By common sense we mean practical prudence, and a right exercise of reason, in the sagacious treatment of current affairs. The classic meaning is not indeed exactly what we now intend; still, here is the earliest mention of common sense.

CHAPTER IX.

ALFONSO.

“ And sullen Moloch, fled,
Hath left in shadows dread
His burning idol all of blackest hue ;
In vain with cymbals’ ring
They call the grisly king,
In dismal dance about the furnace blue:
The brutish gods of Nile as fast
Isis and Orus and the dog Anùbis haste.”

MILTON.

How beautiful is the truth that is expressed in the words, “Heaviness may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning” ! Cyril found it to be so, when now he rose, refreshed and cheerful, on this Sunday morning, November the second. It was almost as late as eight o’clock ; and his first visit was to the three graves, where, as if on consecrated ground, he offered up his matutinal devotions. He swept the horizon with his eye, but though some very distant topsails were visible, no vessel that might be coming in quest of him was as yet to be descried.

Returning to the tent door, he stopped, and gently called out,—

“Dearest Maude, are you awake ?”

"Yes, I am, Cyril," she replied; she had in fact been awake some time.

"Then," said he, "if you like to get up, I will come back in twenty minutes or so, when perhaps you will let me see you, and wish you good morning."

In rather more than that time, he returned, and said,—

"I am come back, Maude; may I open the tent door?"

"Do; thank you," said the tender girl. She must have felt the situation very awkward; but, there was love in both hearts, and love can bridge over any abyss. She came forth from the tent, looking rather weak and jaded, yet most surpassingly beauteous.

"Good morning, dearest," was Cyril's salutation; and, taking both her hands, he with deep respect kissed her fair forehead. She blushed a little, but did not forbid the modest caress. Indeed, she would scarcely have repulsed any amount of fondling; Cyril might have kissed her lips twenty times, and perhaps she would not have resented it. But, even if she would not rebuke a passionate welcome, Cyril felt it would be ungenerous; it would as if humble her, and leave her no semblance of option. He knew, for certain, that she loved him; and therefore, all the more, he determined, out of honor to her and to her feelings, to let her bestow herself on him in such a way as would leave all her maidenly dignity intact. Not in the remotest way

would he do anything that might seem to strip her of her right to refuse him and discard him after all, if she pleased. Should Jessie ever be his (and he felt sure of it), she should give herself to him in her own way, and of her own free will.

This moderation, of only kissing her forehead, was thus not only respectful and considerate, but it also guaranteed the privilege that he should be permitted to greet her fondly, this much at least, every morning and evening of every day, henceforward and for ever.

But if Cyril honorably abstained from toying with the desolate maiden, or kissing away all her defences; he on the other hand was very tender and loving in his tone to her, calling her not so much Jessie or Maude, as by the sweet word "darling."

It was curious how the fact of love was tacitly established on both sides. Each of them was curbing the consciousness as well as the exhibition of it; nevertheless, most of their actions, and the fond familiarity of their interchange of thought, could only be said to be in unison with the most dominant love reigning in each bosom. There was no need for Cyril to go on his knees with theatrical gesticulations, and avow, "Adorable Maude, I love you; will you return my passion, and consent to be my wife?" Nor was there any need for Maude to respond with the awful monosyllable, "Yes." This sort of popping the question never took place at all; yet what occurred every minute was tacitly equiva-

lent to it, with the sole exception that Cyril would not take any such liberties with her waist or her lips, as might seem to assume that she had not full freedom of action. Cyril was thus, by his generous treatment, really laying up in store for himself, a future treasure of enjoyment; for thus all Maude's unutterable charms would come to him soon with tenfold more delight than if he now arrogantly seized them. And indeed it is a great truth, if each young man would only learn it, that when he ill-treats a girl, whether as regards her fine feelings or in more serious respects, he only damages his own happiness.

In such a case as the present, where a young lady of noble birth is thrown on her own resources, and where there is a young man beside her; there are more incongruities besetting him, and more inconveniences assailing her, than some sour cynics would care to notice. Some persons, who see more interest in dirt than rosewater, and who (on paper) can award more worth to the hovel than to the palace, are always assuming that there is everything engaging in the struggles and troubles of plebeians; while the same unfair moralists would only turn up their nasty snub noses with contempt at the idea of our pitying the annoyances of patricians. Yet, why is not Lady Lucy going without her bath or her tire-woman, as real a grievance, and deserving as solid sympathy, as Molly Bunks and her Tim having to munch dry bread without either butter or dripping? Let a nobleman's daughter have to

do for herself, without any of the elegant conventionalities she has been accustomed to; and the trial *to her* is as acute, or more so, than any privations that can be bewailed in any back slums. I do not see why the sufferings of the young lady may not be deemed the more genuine and interesting. It is all very well for the glorious poet Gray in such lovely language to protest how he will not let Grandeur "hear with a disdainful smile The short and simple annals of the poor." But it may be as necessary to remonstrate with penury and its chroniclers, for always assuming that there can be no sad annals of the genteel. By saying this, I do not mean to sympathize for instance with the exquisite who declares that he should "*au* like to get up early *au* to wead or wide, only *au* he cannot *au* get his clothes bwushed;" nor does he dream of brushing them himself, though the great Duke of Wellington was on occasions not above brushing his own clothes. But look at Maude. She had always been accustomed, all her life, to have tidy hands to help her at her toilet; yet here she had to be her own lady's-maid. This is quite as bad for her, as when old Widow Wiggins has to take her "tay wid nowt o' shuggar in't." The vulgar suffering is less real, less serious, than the aristocratic one. This was the first occasion in all her existence that Maude had to see to her own "fixings;" nor was any ploughman ever more hard set to pay his rent, than was she to master perforce the mysteries of hooks and eyes and laces, back tapes and buttons. It is

currently said among sailors that no midshipman can dress without needle and thread, nor undress without a knife. And, if we only knew it, it is probable that Maude had last night to make free use of scissors in divesting herself of her soaked habiliments. And now, no less, she had to re-fasten some of the tags and loops, which doubtless she had managed to repair roughly with a thread or two; though she was not able to connect them all.

Cyril, with a dim memory of youthful play with a sister, divined this difficulty; and now with the familiarity of affection, he said, "Darling, you must make what use of me, you can, to promote your comfort, in every little thing, such as fastening your dress, and the like: yes, I have no doubt you want the back of your robe to be hooked at the top, so you will let me do it."

He suited the action to the word; and Maude, though she blushed, was not displeased, and so she submitted, which was the wisest course, as the morning was chilly, and two or three inches of the upper part of her dress at the back were all open, for the very good reason that she could not reach to the spot, any more than can you, dear reader, put your elbow in your mouth.

"Yes," cried Cyril gaily, "you must consider me as *Jane*, whenever there is anything of this sort to be done." This amused Maude, and turned her mournful look into a smile; because the name Jane gives one the idea of a neat, small, fair, soft handy girl, whereas Cyril was the perfection of

manly manners. "Whenever I am to be the least in requisition this way, do you, darling, only call out 'Jane,' and here I am; and when I am behind your back, how do you know but like the old story of Cæneus, I may be a girl for the moment? You cannot tell what goes on, behind here."

Nor could she; though she smiled, and though there was a discovery making, all about herself. For here Cyril stumbled on a physiological phenomenon which many may have observed, but which nobody [how can you tell?] has ever *before* described. It is, the beauty of the *back* of a young girl's neck. Cyril could only see, from above the point between the "blade-bones," up to her hair; that was all. Yet he was astonished at the tenderness of the texture of the skin, and the high finish of the whole. And, why should not such a fact rank as one of genuine interest? One naturalist is all right when he shows us (after I have told him) that a trout is dark in a dark pool, and light in a light one; another man is applauded when he treats us to the differences between the springbok and the gnu. And what is man but a grand beast at the head of the family of nature? "Omnis homo est animal;" and woman is the best part of man, and girl of woman. Wherefore if the particulars of variance in a male and female walrus are fit to be recorded, and if it is always deemed worth notice that the lady eagle is bigger than the gentleman ditto; I see neither harm nor nonsense in drawing the attention of the world to the fact that the back of the neck of a nice girl

may more than any other feature prove how delicate and perfect in polish is her organization, as compared with the same region in the masculine biped. Even a mild schoolboy's *back of the neck* has a thick bursting look; and a nice young man's cervical occipital department, after he has had his hair cut, looks very coarse and bulging towards the ears: and in the case of well-formed men in general, the part in question is the most uncomely in the entire male constitution. But, take a thick, flushed, fleshy, carnivorous, ale-bibbing caitiff; look at the nape of his *inhuman* neck: can the eyes be set on anything more ugly and positively horrible? See all those great red bloated shaggy territories, puffing with livid brawn and gristle, and telling such tales of the selfishness and broad brutality of the burly being within. No sight (but one) can be more *unsightly* than the back of the poll of a great coarse bullish man. The one only more revolting and hideous object is the square horned head of the big black turn-up-tail earwig, which, if as big as an alligator, would be *my* idea of a demon.

But, look at Maude; right up to the very roots of her back hair, and both ways to her ears, and towards her shoulders, the darling's skin is as fair and fine and pure as on her brow itself. There is no coarse aspect; all is perfect unbroken beauty. Yes, if you desire to see the superiority of construction of the female over the male, examine the back of the neck of your sister or your sweetheart if you have got one.

Cyril noted the point, and it made his heart yearn towards her, with deep admiration and affection. But he only said, "I perceive your things seem dry, which shows that you, like a dear kind girl, did what I begged you. But, had you not something else on? To be sure, a shawl."

"Yes, but it is more damp than I thought, and you had prohibited wet things."

"Darling, how good you are. But, see here." So, he took the shawl, and threw it over the outside of the tent; "It will soon dry there, this sunny morning: but, though sunny, it is much colder than yesterday."

He went in therefore for the shooting-coat, and threw it over her shoulders like a cape.

"Now," said he, "I must bring you to your *Établissement des Bains*."

"What can that be?" said she. And all these little events were very sweet and interesting to the parties concerned; and it is of such small incidents that the best part of our existence is made up: "our little life is rounded with a sleep."

"Come, and I'll show you." They went only to the large rain-water tank of which we spoke. "This," said he to her cheerily, "is your wash-hand-basin and jug and all, and here are two actual towels," — (which had been wrappings round some of the things in the trunk). Maude laughed at the idea of so big a lavatory. "Now," he added, "this is *your* place; I have another" [the Nook] "for myself: this is exclusively yours:

I am not coming near it any more. Does not the water look nice and pure? So, now good-bye to you, Mrs. Tank; you must do your duty to this young lady, whose health is so precious to me. And now, darling, I shall go behind where the shore falls, and lie down, with Floss, a good couple of hundred yards off, and wait there till you come and call me. No eye but your Maker's can see you."

Away he went, and Maude's young heart swelled with appreciation of his delicacy and thoughtfulness for her.

It seemed a good while to Cyril, before she came up to where he had indicated, telling him, "Thanks to you, I feel quite fresh and strong."

"Yes, and you must be quite hungry; so, now, our next business is breakfast. You have eaten nothing since yesterday, and to-morrow will be the third day."

He felt "The worst of it is, I have nothing to set before my darling, but the blank bread and water. O if I had any fruit, any anything, to eke out the poor repast!" A thought struck him. "Wait a minute, darling," he said; and off he ran to the shore, as if he appealed to Neptune or to Thetis, and as if he held it to be only fair that the sea which had done so much mischief, should do some good. His thoughts ran on floating tins of preserved meat, or sardines, or so on. But he saw nothing except some little yellow objects which proved to be lemons. How they got there, whether from some

wreck or so forth, does not matter. There they were. He got five of them.

He returned then to her in great glee, and exclaimed, "Which will you have, lemon tea, or lemon coffee? Yes, and cold boiled."

"How is that?" she replied, smiling.

"You *shall* see," vowed Cyril; for, it occurred to him that the silver cup might excite acute reminiscences sooner than he wished: and then he remembered that in turning over the contents of the trunk, he saw two horn cups, one within the other, and the inside one was full of some papers like medicine powders stuffed into the cup. He soon rummaged out these cups, and, as he surmised, the papers proved to comprise materials for saline draughts. Could they indeed be arsenic or some poison? Not likely; and, see, they have labels as the innocent tartaric acid and carbonate of soda. More probably they are good for nothing, through the lapse of time. He can but try.

"Now I must get my tea-urn," said he, with a merry air; for he bethought him of an object which he had seen kicking among the lumber on the beach: it was like a measure for seed, perhaps a relic from some hen-coop: but, if it would hold water, it would contain a quart: and he could rinse it out free from the sea's tarnish. So, as on his last exploration he had come across quite a nice white cloth which had been laid like a lining inside the trunk, he handed it to Maude, as if it was a tablecloth, saying, "It is time for the housemaid to lay

the table for breakfast ;” and she entered into his liveliness (which was all for her sake). And as he trotted off for his wooden noggin, and brought it full of bright water from the spring, he found on his return, that Maude had “laid the cloth,” on the soft sand, and set the two horn cups, and made a pile of biscuit, with a couple of round shells for Barmecide egg-cups, and two long shells for spoons ; all which playfulness was so much tribute to Cyril. He was delighted at the prospect of getting breakfast over, before any sad topics arose ; so he set down his “tea-urn.” “And now for the cold boil,” he cried. Getting his chymicals ready, and putting a capital squeeze of lemon into the first cup, he placed one of the fizzing ingredients with water in the second cup, and then throwing the remaining ingredient on the lemon juice, he emptied one cup on the other, and away it all effervesced in famous style.

“There, darling.” And, most acceptable was the cold-boiling lemonade to Maude, with her biscuit bread. All this kept up the light-heartedness he wished. And Floss caused them much amusement, by their feeding him, and telling him he should have (to) two (pause) paws, before his food ; and the dog had evidently some conception of a joke, for he winked, hard (a fact) : showing that he knew they were poking fun at him. It was an odd breakfast, and the fare was very primitive ; yet it was very delightful to both the lovers, and Cyril was overjoyed to see how Maude had picked up

strength. They both had the buoyancy of youth, and health, and *love*; and the strange scene, though uncouth in itself, was really delicious to them both.

Maude was sitting; and Cyril was reclining along, with his face near her, and turned towards her, yet not looking at her for the moment. She gazed at him; and O how handsome did he seem to her! not even her wildest dreams had ever shown her anything equal to the manly beauty of her own Cyril now beside her. Cyril knew she was looking at him, and he would not turn to her, lest he should break the spell. Quite artlessly, quite free from any coquetry, the honest-hearted maiden uttered what she felt, while she put out her little hand and stroked his face, saying, "Dear Cyril, you are so good to me; and I am afraid I am not grateful enough to you: once you saved me from the fire, and yesterday you saved me from death by hunger: *you are so kind to me, and you are so beautiful!*"

When we remember what a matchless girl it was who was saying and doing this to him, we may be sure it would not be easy to describe how Cyril was moved, by her tender touch and by her gentle praise. Still, still, he repressed all the raptures he felt, only murmuring "Darling Maude," lest any excitement on his part might throw her back on herself, and prevent her opening more of her thoughts to him.

Cyril felt that no time could be better than the present, to bring Maude face to face with the sad facts; fortified as she now was by food and cheer-

fulness. So he suggested, after they had rested enough, that they should take a short stroll. O with what grace did she rise to her feet; and *she walked with that beautiful springy prance, which in the march of a merry girl is next door to having wings.*

He led her towards the graves. His heart mis-gave him, whether it might not be too much for her. Is he going to martyr his own heart's love? And yet it must come out some time. Is it not best to have it over? Might not the subject force itself on her at some juncture when it would be more trying than now? He silently lifted up his very soul in prayer to the God of Mercy, that He would strengthen the gentle girl, and enable the tender orphan to bear the trial.

And now they came to the spot, and Cyril was trembling with apprehension. She could not but see that the mounds which rose before her feet, were three graves. And Cyril gently took her, and kneeling himself, drew her to her knees. She gave one wild scared gaze in his face, an awful look, as if telling of tottering intellect; and then she understood it all. Her first act was to catch at Cyril, and then she flung herself off, and cast herself with extended arms on the ground, uttering words of agony. Cyril was himself totally overcome, but he saw he must raise her, and try to draw forth the relief of tears; so he told her, "You must really not give way so much, dearest, or else I must carry you away, and not let you come here:" this brought

out her tears, truly salutary tears, preserving the balance of her mind : and as she sobbed piteously on Cyril's neck, he stroked her dear face, saying, "Poor darling, sweet Maude, dearest Jessie !" and this fondness from one she loved, must have had some soothing and compensatory effect, in consoling her for the loved ones she had lost. And Cyril again recurred to the plea which he had previously found cogent, as if making it out to be a duty on her part that she should be grateful for things not being worse; impressing on her, "They are safe from harm, unmutilated by the sea, and reposing here in peace."

Imperfect and inconsequent as this plea was, it had its influence, and Cyril added, "We will leave this sacred spot for the present; to-day is Sunday, and this is our church:" whereon he took her up in his arms, and bore her away, some distance, and sat down, letting her rest on his shoulder, till she grew composed.

While sitting so, his eyes were looking over the sea, at first vacantly, then soon he strained his eyes keenly, and earnestly. "Darling, can you bear to look up, and give me your opinion?"

She raised herself up a little, and asked him what it was.

"Look there, Maude!"

But her eyes were dimmed with tears. So he went to his stanch friend, the fountain, and brought some of the water, and bathed her eyes more carefully than ever lapidary touched his gems.

"Now, look, Maude; do you not see that dull blurred cloud on the sea?"

"Yes, Cyril; is it not some distant steamer?"

"It is, assuredly; the vessel itself, being probably a small one, is not yet visible."

"Well then," said Maude, "I suppose, if we can see its smoke, it could see our smoke, if we could make a fire."

"Darling, you are so sensible; that is the very thing I thought. And I have three great piles or bonfires ready, and we can light them one after the other."

"I feel sure that steamer is coming for us," said Maude.

"Yes, so I trust, but do you stay here with Floss," [as the bonfires were near the graves] "and watch; and I will go and light one pile, to begin with. The flame will not be seen in the daylight, but the smoke will be sure to be observed."

In a few minutes there was a fine blaze, and a grand mantling streamer of smoke. He returned to her, and proposed that they should walk on that way, towards where the vessel must be coming. They proceeded a short distance, when Cyril perceived that Maude had altogether a pallid chilled look; for, what with sorrow, and the wet clothes of yesterday, and the sharp keen morning, he feared she had been "catching cold," and a cold might lead to fever. So, he, with his medicinal merri-ment, started the idea of a run, a race, a scamper, "to warm us; see if you can catch me:" and away

he "sloped," and she after him, laughing. And he was amused to find how fleet of foot she was; *she was so inimitably perfect in her form*: he had to put on some of the "swift-footed Achilles," or she would have caught him: and now he let her do so, when she was out of breath, and all of a glow with running, which warmth soon banished the menaced cold.

Every moment made them still more dear to each other; and now they advanced, quietly and arm in arm, up the shore, to where there were some jutting rocks, the water about which appeared to be deep. On the beach, Cyril made out a nice seat for Maude, and they sat down, when she herself began, with a sweet air of Christian resignation, to say,—

"I feel better, Cyril, and more resigned, for, I know I must bow to the will of God; so, tell me all."

He did so; who could resist her asking eyes? He told her about the 'Amaranth,' and seeing the signals of the 'Orpheus;' and then the fire and the blowing up of the man-of-war. He described how the yacht was on its way to try and pick up any survivors, when Enrique de Cabanas, who had been taken on board at Ferrol, [Jessie shuddered,] set fire to the 'Amaranth,' and it also blew up.

Maude had no idea of this; she knew not why there was no George, no 'Amaranth,' nor why Cyril was alone on the desert shore. But now she knew it all; and she bemoaned her brother's fate, with the most beauteous affection. Cyril told her

how he himself had been dashed nearly senseless into the sea, and had been saved by Floss, as was evident, by his being with him. [Maude caressed the good dog.] Cyril proceeded to relate how he must have been delirious, on his finding the dead; and he gave full details of discovering George's body, and burying it, and then her parents'. The minuteness of the account was satisfying and therefore soothing to her, though her tears flowed fast, and though many a wail for her lost ones arose from her fond lips, and many a sigh burst from her feeling heart.

Among the rest, Maude dropped more than one tear to the memory of poor Teddy, whose slaying of Enrique, together with Teddy's own death, Cyril had seen, and now described to her. She felt pity and esteem, and real regard, for Teddy, so faithful a friend of her house. And I may add, as an idea of my own, that Teddy's talk about the "tiresome ladies" had been a bravado, put on, to hide even from himself a far-off worship of the Lady Maude herself, (whence also *Teddy had never mentioned her* to Cyril). It was all on Teddy's part as if a struggle against his own distant silent adoration of one who was unattainable even in idea. Poor fellow! how sad his lot; yet, he would have been content, if he had known that Maude shed tears for his fate. Cyril told her, "Teddy's killing Enrique, saved you, so far; Enrique would otherwise have escaped, and lived to assail you, Maude."

She responded, "Perhaps he would have attacked you, Cyril."

"No, darling; as far as I can fathom the satanicity of such a thing as a Spaniard's blood-behest, it was *you* only, as the last Thornton, whom he would persecute." And, saying this, Cyril took out the aigrette, which he had brought with him for the purpose; and removing her hat, he placed the solemn aigrette on her brow, kneeling to her, and saying, "All hail, Maude, Baroness Edensor!"

She let it remain on her head, a moment, in deep thought; then she said, "I would rather not wear it, Cyril."

"Nor need you, darling," he replied, "except on special occasions." He removed it, saying, "I only wanted thankfully to signalize *your* escape from murder; rely upon it, if Enrique had got away, your life would have been dogged and beset by an implacable assassin. So, we owe much to Teddy's boarding-pike; it was *you* whom that mighty thrust defended: and Teddy when he lanced it, looked like all the heroes of the Iliad in one. The nailing of Enrique to the flames, was the saving of Maude."

Cyril felt further, in his own mind, that every honor was due to Teddy. And to close the topic, I may anticipate the future, and state here, that Cyril resolved at length that the most suitable way to embalm his memory, was not in some laudatory obituary or tablet, but rather that Cyril himself should condense his own thankfulness to God, for

the good done by Teddy, into the shape of a munificent donation to one of the best public charities, with only these words, "Teddy, per Lord E., £2,000."

But now, the talk about Enrique, made Cyril's blood run cold with the new idea that perhaps the main fiend, the arch demon, Alfonso de Cabanas himself, was not killed in the 'Orpheus'; and might he not be on this very shore? Cyril instinctively put his hand to feel whether he had the dagger-knife with him; he had: and here is the stout boat-hook, which, if he did not carry, Floss always did. So Cyril felt himself a match for Alfonso, in all but his treachery and wile.

In order to investigate the point, he questioned Maude about how the fire in the 'Orpheus' originated.

She replied, that she did not know, except that she heard the captain say it must have been the work of an incendiary, and one of the men who had been taken in at Ferrol was the one suspected; "Papa thought it must be *Cabanas*," said Maude, whispering, with the habit of horror at the name.

The fire had broken out, very near to the store-room, which repository too often in ships is close to the powder-magazine; and in that store-room there had been as usual some casks of turpentine. No more was known; but it was easy to see how the ship had blown up so soon.

Plainly, Cabanas had fired the 'Orpheus.' And, it seemed, when the captain began to despair of

subduing the flames, he, the good Captain Symonds, without saying too much about his despair, advised General and Lady Thornton to escape to the boats. They (expecting the 'Amaranth') were unwilling to do so; and he himself, to induce them, took charge of Maude, which division of her from her parents was more gladly agreed to by them, because of the security of her being with so good and able a man. But the captain himself told her his object was thus to force both her and her parents far enough away from the perhaps impending explosion; and then he must leave her and return at once to the 'Orpheus,' and perish with it, unless he could rescue every man.

"I must be the last to leave my ship," said the true-hearted officer.

But as soon as he had said so (and she was then very near her parents, who were in another boat, where he intended to place her,) the fatal explosion took place. Possibly there was some little premonitory symptom, because it is said one cask will go off, before the other powder-barrels all ignite, though it is only a mere instant, as if between the twin detonations of a double-barreled gun; however it was, Captain Symonds knew that the concussion was at the actual crash, and he, having had hold of Maude, lifted her and by main force plunged her altogether under water, to her great affright. But the result was that when the very next moment the explosion, as if the very rending asunder of heaven's concave, tore along, it did no hurt, as

regards Maude, who was under the shield of the surface of the water. Thus Captain Symonds, who could of course have saved himself in the very same manner, lost his life in nobly saving Maude. His had been the genuine impulse of the true British seaman, to "*save the women and children*" first, to save the passengers, to save the helpless! All honor to his memory!

Maude's plunge in the water did not exhaust her; but when she rose struggling to the surface, she saw no boat: all had been blasted away by the hideous shock.

She must now have sunk and perished, only that, while mechanically catching out, with her hands, she laid hold of something buoyant and soft; and this proved to be a sheep. How it came there, of course there is no knowing; it may have been hoisted thither by the explosion, or it may have been previously tossed overboard, to swim for its life: many ships have much live stock on board. Maude's hand was in the long wool of its fleece, and to this she clung, as it swam away. Her chief difficulty was, that she got so tired, she seemed to lose all grasp with her hands; and then she would clasp with her arms, and then hold on, hand about, and then clasp again. If the sea had been at all rough, she must have fallen off; but she managed to keep hold, till the sheep swam to land.

This then solved the apparently inscrutable problem, how Maude had got to shore; and Cyril now remembered the footmarks he had seen: they were

those of this very sheep, and it had not wanted sociably to stay with Maude, but went off somewhere else of itself. Nor had Maude been able to obtain anything to eat or to drink, when Cyril found her, so exhausted.

When Cyril listened to her telling him these events, he could scarce believe his eyes and ears, that he had his own Jessie before him, his own matchless Maude, *the most beautiful being on the whole face of the earth*, for him to gaze at and to listen to, while she dazzled him with her wondrous eyes, and while she told her miraculous rescue with her own silvery accents. O how he resolved to be true to the tender maiden; to treat her with the most thrilling respect: to be fond but gentle and considerate: not to force her feelings in any way, but to leave her to be free, to queen it even in the very wilds. His mode of caressing her and encouraging her to go on and speak, was very simple, yet very tender and pretty. They were standing now; and he took one of her lovely hands, and put it on his own palm, and then he laid her other hand also in the same place: whereon he softly stroked both her sweet little hands with his. It was as if the very essence of attention and sympathy, and as if saying, "Go on, my beauty-darling, my girl-blessing; every word of yours goes to my very heart." And it must be remembered once more, that no *woman's* eye could light on a more splendid attraction than Cyril himself; he was in Maude's eyes the actual acme of every day-dream

of beauty: and the only point in which I would dare to differ from Maude's opinion, would be, inasmuch as it was a latent impression of hers, that such a *young man in his perfection* was a finer object than any girl with all her charms.

Maude's telling him so minutely how *she* had escaped, made him feel afresh that perhaps some one else had escaped also.

"Let us go, darling," said Cyril; for now he had an unpleasant sensation, as if Cabanas himself was at the other side of the very rocks where they were. He repeated to himself, "Yes, if the sheep could live through the explosion, Cabanas may have lived through it, too."

Casting his eyes anxiously round, he perceived in the water, near the rock where he stood, a body floating. He wished that it might be the good Captain Symonds, that he might gratefully treat him with respect; but the body had some of a common seaman's dress. The corpse was indeed a frightful object; it had clearly come from one or other of the lost ships, having felt the fury of fire, all the hair being singed off the head, except some grizzled beard, and the face being swelled up to a huge size, like a blown bladder, with none of the features discoverable. The right arm also had been torn off, and evidently the sufferer had lived, subsequent to this shock, because the left hand was twisted in among the sinews and muscles which hung forth like white strings from where the arm had been torn out. The body was very near Cyril;

and as he looked again, he could quite legibly read on the left arm of the corse, tattooed in large letters, the awful name—ALFONSO DE CABANAS.

With detestation, Cyril not only shrank back from the thought of rescuing the body from the sea, but also he caught up a large block of stone, to hurl it at the vile murderer. But Maude, to whom he had pointed out the name, dissuaded him, so far as suggesting, with a most heavenly expression, "Return good for evil!" At once Cyril responded, "You are right; Christian darling, angelic girl." So Cyril decided to try to get the body in from the sea, and lay it on the strand, and heap a quantity of stones over it, in the style of a cairn, as a sort of semi-sepulture. He reached forward towards it with the boat-hook, but it was farther off than it seemed; and in fact the water was now rather carrying it out again. Cyril now noticed a curious fact; in Alfonso's side, in not an immediately fatal part, was buried a knife, up to the hilt: it was what in a ship is called a cook's knife, something like a butcher's knife, having not a horn but a wooden handle, consisting of two slips of wood with rivets passing through the haft of the blade. And this circumstance seemed to show that some one in the 'Orpheus,' probably the cook, caught Alfonso setting fire to combustibles, and stabbed him on the spot, not enough to kill him outright, but enough to disable him, so as to render him, like Enrique, unable to get away from his own fire; and thus had his face become so disfigured by the flames. He

had, strapped on his breast, a small flat can, probably partly empty, and this had helped to float the body to where it was.

Cyril was vexed at not reaching the remains. Maude reminded him that Floss would pull the body to shore. But Cyril said,—

“No; as I was about to strike it with the stone, I feel it due to my participation in *your* views, to fetch it in myself.”

The body was not now ten yards from the shore, but the water was deep; however, here at one point, a little ridge or bank ran out, like an edge of reef covered with sand and pebbles. Along this causeway, Cyril meant to wade, to reach the enemy's body.

But, just as he was about to go on into the water, Maude shrieked out to him to “stop,” which he did, and then he drew back altogether, as he saw that the sea seemed all alive. It was in fact a shoal of sharks that came along. They had not been lately on this part of the coast; but now the wrecks doubtless brought them, and here they were, in a shoal, with their ominous dorsal fins out of the water.

In an instant, they were busy with the carcase of Cabanas. And the spectacle was a most horrible one. The monsters seemed quite to triumph in their prey. They got around it, and tore it one from another. At one time, it was held for a moment, so that one leg being crunched off, the other leg stood up stiff in the air; and then the

whole was pulled down, and the sharks appeared to roll one over another, contending for the last fragments of the carrion wretch.

Such was the end of Alfonso de Cabanas. But Maude was sickened at the sight ; so that Cyril had to support her away, towards the tent-hut. He indeed, for his part, felt irrepressible relief and thankfulness, that his Maude's path was no longer to be blocked by either Enrique or Alfonso. Nor could he refrain from expressing to her, "Thank God, there is now no more 'Cabanas;' the curse is spent : and you are free."

He pointed out to her also that the steamer was now visible, though low and small and distant ; and it was evidently coming their way. On reaching the tent, he declared they must have lunch, which was not much, as regards variety of viands, still it was acceptable. And then he insisted that Maude should take a nice siesta ; "After your walk, and after all the agitation you have gone through this morning, a long sound sleep will do you downright good."

He fetched her shawl, now dry ; and bringing her in, as if not to hear of any demur on her part, and calling himself now not "Jane" but "the doctor," he laid her down on the couch, and took the liberty of tucking her up well with the shawl. And thus, imprinting one of his well-behaved kisses on her forehead, he left her to repose. He was followed out of the tent by words as welcome as any he could hear, "Thank you, dearest Cyril."

Cyril's hope was, that the vessel would come quickly, so that he could have the three bodies exhumed, before Maude awoke. He could see that the steamer was a mere small coasting one, and was much nearer than it looked ; it would be up in an hour or so. To make sure, he went to the bon-fire, which was still smoking, and he both replenished it, and lit the two others, so that the three separate banners of smoke were now tailing off grandly into the air, giving very obvious indications that somebody wanted to make a sign.

Evidently he was not to be left long on his desert isle. Thus the reader has to be disappointed, if *she or he* expected a stave of either Robinson Crusoe or the Swiss Family Robinson. But in fact all such things are stale and as old as the hills ; witness Ulysses and Calypso, in good old Homer's Odyssey : still, there must be a nerve in the human heart that thrills responsive to the very idea, perhaps because it is the scene of a little Eden over again : and this must be the reason why Ogygia retains its charm even when it is Frenchified by Fenelon in his Adventures of Telemachus : it is the old old story, of man and woman by themselves, boy and girl together, lad and lass alone.

CHAPTER X.

MARSDEN.

“ He left his Christian friends and native strand,
By pity for benighted men constrain'd ;
His heart was fraught with charity unfeign'd,
His life was strict, his manners meek and bland :
Long dwelt he lonely in a heathen land
In want and weariness, yet ne'er complained :
But labor'd that the lost sheep might be gain'd,
Not seeking recompense from human hand.
The credit of the arduous works he wrought
Was reap'd by other men who came behind ;
The world gave him no honor : none he sought :
But cherish'd Christ's example in his mind :
To one great aim his heart and hopes were given,
To serve his God, and gather souls to Heaven.”

“ THE GOOD MISSIONARY,” by PRINGLE.

GREAT is the relief, and rich the joy, when doubt and anxiety are dispelled by present succor ! Thus now when Cyril had his beloved Maude taking her peaceful rest, and all the worst news broken to her, and all danger removed by the approach of help, he could almost gambol for delight. However, instead of a Highland fling, he set himself to “ pack up.” He had already removed the trunk out of the tent, and now he put all the

things into it, and locked it, and placed it in the tin case, and tied it up with rope.

He had only well got all ready, when the steamer arrived; it cast anchor, some way out, and a boat put off for the shore. What was Cyril's rapture, when he found the boat brought him his worthy and valued friend Captain Tyne! He wrung his hand warmly and passionately, saying, "I am so thankful you escaped; is there any other?"

"Yes," said Captain Tyne, "Rudolf Hutchinson also survives; we were both left stunned, yet floating, on the water, when the boat of the whaling-vessel came and found us, and brought us on to the Cape, where I hired this steamer, to come and search for you."

Much was Captain Tyne astonished, when he understood from Cyril that Maude was alive, and was sleeping unhurt in the tent; she was evidently the sole survivor of the 'Orpheus.' But the faithful and feeling heart of Captain Tyne was bitterly lacerated, when he learned that not only the General and Lady Thornton but also George had perished; nevertheless he was thankful their bodies were saved from the sea. And when Cyril explained how they had been consigned by him roughly to temporary graves, Captain Tyne entered warmly into his idea to exhume the three bodies before Maude awoke. With his usual forethought, as he had come on a death expedition, he had brought some shells (coffins) with him. Wherefore now he sent back the boat for three shells, and more men; and

in a very brief period, the three loved remains were disinterred, and laid in the shells, and conveyed to the steamer with every token of respect that could be given by uncovered heads and flags half-mast-high. The shells were deposited in a cabin, which was locked up from all intrusion.

Cyril sent the trunk on board, and he had a fancy that he should like that the sheep, which had been the means of Maude's being saved, should be caught, and brought home to England, to browse the rest of its life in peace on some lawn, free from all fear of either wolf or butcher. He sent a couple of men to look for it, but they could see nothing of it; and what became of it was never known. So his good intentions towards the interesting quadruped, had to be given up.

It was now getting to be time that Maude should be awake; but when Cyril went to the tent, and called to her gently, she made no answer: "One comfort is," thought he, "this rest will do her 'a power' of good." Her hat was lying outside, and he took it up, and kissed it, and then set to work to try to straighten it, in which enterprise he succeeded better than might be anticipated in the case of a hero who had not like Achilles received a young lady's education at one period of his career. Cyril wondered whether any of the Corydons or Tityruses of yore ever had been employed in the like way? He rather thought they had; because it is more true than many suppose, that there is no new thing under the sun. For example, many of the

most favorite modern sayings are merely versions of old utterances. Thus Keats' nice idea that "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever," is an adaptation of what Thucydides says, that his own beautiful history is "a prize for ever," *ktema es aei*. The thought couched in the lines, "I do not love thee, Dr. Fell," is taken servilely from Martial's epigram; and the hackneyed phrase in Cowper that "God made the country and man made the town," is found word for word in old Varro's treatise on Rustic Matters.

Maude's hat had been a very tasty one; indeed the darling was *always* exceedingly well dressed, as (in my opinion) every pretty girl ought to be, even at the public expense!!! The hat was a dark straw, with a white feather; now it was all out of shape, and the ostrich feather was limp and lanky, like a drenched barn-door fowl's most draggletail plight. But the shapelessness of the hat was not the result so much of the wet as of some wire having got bent; and Cyril quite prided himself on bending it straight, rightly and gracefully, so that it really looked quite smart again, all but the feather. "How shall *it* be rectified?" said he; and then he suggested to himself "Suppose I 'whittle' it? no Melibæus ever did *that*." When a Yankee has no other mischief that he can do, he whips out his long knife, and commences whittling (or slicing and paring and shaving) a piece of stick; the knife and the stick are often provided for him, to keep him from doing other wickedness. Cyril got out his penknife, and drawing gently the edge of the blade over one of the long white harls

or strands of the ostrich feather, he found that it curled or crimped up as nicely and artistically as possible. "Well," ruminated he, "I do not know whether that abominable Madame Delafontaine of the circular at Boulogne, is up to this process; but I do not see why, if I can do one, I may not curl or wave all the tresses of the feather." Patiently he plodded on, at it; for, was it not for Jessie of Boulogne? and was it not giving her time, for still a little more of strengthening repose? The result was, that Cyril, without cropping off one shred of the feather, had actually "renovated" it as well or better than any second-hand glover could, because Cyril was a glover sans the *g*; and love is the secret of everything. Altogether, it was now again quite a smart pretty head-dress, almost fit for Maude to be seen in anywhere, and they *do* know what's what, in South Africa [South Britain].

"Now," he thought, "I *must* have her up. Maude!" (No answer.) "Clap hands to her, you booby," he said to himself; and when he did so, and called "Maude!" again, he got the desired music, "Yes, Cyril." "O, darling, the steamer is come, and it is time to be off."

He had not to open the tent this time, as she pushed it forward herself, and out she came, the beauteous girl, looking most ineffably lovely. There was now color on her cheek, and vigor in her attitude; and though her hair was somewhat in disorder after lying down, the free fall of her locks rather enhanced her attractions than otherwise. Of

all the times when Maude's likeness might be limned to advantage, none could be more enchanting for her to have her picture taken, than thus, when, lively, and beaming with beauty and hope, she issued out of the rugged tent, before Cyril's enraptured eyes. The reader must really believe, that I am not saying more than the literal truth, when I describe that there was something truly paradisiacal in the Baroness *Edensor's* beauty; so that, when you looked at her, you could scarcely believe your own eyes, that such loveliness could exist.

Cyril, to make her quite merry, held the hat behind his back, and asked her roguishly, "Would you like a new bonnet?" and so, with a flourish, out came the brave head-gear. You *should* then have seen the brilliant sparkling of Jessie's eyes, when she rewarded Cyril for all his millinering, by laughing, and asking him, "How ever, has it become so nice again?" (because, Maude, being *only* a first-rate girl, had not liked her hat to be looking so unsightly.) Cyril replied, in a mincing simpering manner, "It's me, 'm; I did it for you, 'm: won't you pay the *modiste*?" And Maude *did* pay her debt, this time, with the bliss-treasury of her lips; being the first such kiss she had ever given, or Cyril had ever received.

"It is not quite the thing, is it, that an earl should be a *modiste* or milliner?" said he. "How do you mean?" Maude answered; for, she was not aware of Cyril's having attained that rank. Then he briefly explained to her how the earldom of

Evelyn had devolved upon him ; and she simply replied, " What a pretty title ! " evidently as if she thought no title could be too pretty for so handsome a lover.

" Now," said he, " we must go." He placed the hat on her head, and he brought the shawl, and threw it over her shoulders. It was towards the fountain that he led her. But the solemn, serious, mournful shade returned to gentle Maude's face, when now she stopped, and looked back, the other way (towards the graves), giving an appealing glance at Cyril, as if asking him, whether *that* should not be the direction they are to take ? " No, darling," said he, replying to her tacit query, " I am seeing to all that ; let us come this way." She did not exactly comprehend what he meant, but she forbore to question him ; probably she assumed that a subsequent expedition was intended, to recover the loved remains. With all the true confidence of woman's genuine love, she relied that Cyril would do all that was fitting ; so, with a sigh, she turned whither he led her.

Arrived at the fountain, he suggested that they should merely offer up together a few words of Sunday thanksgiving for their rescue from the forlorn isle. This they did, and they found it refreshing to the heart.

Now they went to where the boat was waiting ; and taking care to bring good Floss with them, they bade adieu to the wild Dyer island : leaving the biscuit-cask for the behoof of any poor wanderer

who might want it. They soon stood on the steamer's deck, where Captain Tyne welcomed the Lady Maude with the most deep and fervent feeling. Poor old Rudolf, rough tar as he was, "piped his eye," that is, shed tears of joy, to see his young mistress thus restored.

There was a respectable woman as stewardess in the steamer, and to her care Maude was consigned. Nor did Cyril see Jessie again this day; he did not know why: I only know, the day, while they were steaming to the Cape, appeared very long to Cyril. It seems there was also a Government steamer coming to look for survivors; and therefore Captain Tyne would not wait, as he felt sure there was no one else to be saved. Cyril and he had much conversation together about all the events, and they made many arrangements respecting the future. Cyril again and again expressed to Captain Tyne how thankful he was that he was spared, "spared for yourself and spared to your daughter." The mention of Captain Tyne's little Mary could not occur without eliciting from him many a fond remark. He said,—

"It seems to me that the fact of being a parent, and having a dear babe, is of itself beneficial to the heart; it draws out or creates real religious feelings, which would not otherwise exist. I might exemplify this in myself, from a case when my little girl at about the age of four years, had suffered a very dangerous attack of sudden illness, from which I had not expected her to recover; I was afraid the chariot

and horses were come for my little darling. But by God's infinite mercy she was left to me; and I took her down to a place at the seaside, to forward her recovery. It was a bright sunny morning, and I was carrying her in my arms, when I put her down to make trial of her standing powers. Animated by the cheerful morn and the fresh air, she not only stood, but of her own accord she set out on the firm sand to run, and away she went for twenty or thirty yards, and while running she gave a little skip, just like a rabbit or a lamb; it was a brisk curvet of joy and returning health. As I saw her tiny tot of a form, toddling off thus, so very little, and so unutterably precious, and giving its gentle artless bound; I am sure my very soul overflowed towards my Heavenly Father with a heart-anthem of gratitude, which made me reel and totter with its intensity: thanking Him, that in the wide world there was room left, for my wee one. I have often looked back on that scene, and have felt how improving it was to myself, as fostering real religion; and, had there been any infidelity in me, it would have been swept sheer out of my very being, by that whirlwind of pious emotion. Nor can I feel otherwise than that the popish tenet, that there is any merit in celibacy, is the quintessence of absurdity; it as if takes a pride in actually abjuring the best qualities of a right human being. Nor do I see how a popish priest could evade the following Socratic dilemma; I would ask him, 'Is there anything unclean in a priest's joining one of his own hands to the other?'

He will say, there is nothing impure in so doing. Well then, is not a good young man at least as good as the priest, and is not a sweet pure girl a great deal better? How then can the union of the youth and the girl in holy matrimony, be worse than the clasping of the priest's own claws? Why then make monkish or nunnish celibacy be better than that 'matrimony' which the papists call a 'sacrament?' Let the priest show what there is in the union more foul than his own united hands?"

Captain Tyne felt it to be so great a responsibility to have the Lady Maude under his charge, he determined to keep watch himself the whole night. But he insisted that Lord Evelyn should take repose. The difficulty however was this, that one of the two little cabins was assigned to the dead, and the other cabin was devoted to Maude. There was indeed also the fore-cabin, for the men; but this would not suit Cyril. He acted therefore on Captain Tyne's advice, which was, to wrap himself well up in rugs and blankets, with a snug cushion under his head, and thus sleep on the deck. He did so, with a glad sense that all things were going right; indeed, we may often feel, amid our blended joys and troubles, that the bitter and the sweet are mingled together as distinctly as are they to be tasted in that capital JAM made from the blackberry, which strangely combines the lusciousness of sugar with a little of the actual bitterness of soot. The more we trace our blessings as woven with our sorrows, the

less are we apt to be given to querulous regrets ; this perception is as certain a specific against repining, as is cucumber-rind a sure destroyer of black-beetles.

At the same time I admit that there may be sorrows so severe as to be actually crushing ; nor do I deny that there may be literally a broken heart. The principle of joys neutralizing griefs, must not be strained too much. In fact, you must not stretch either a principle or a proverb too far ; just as it would not be reasonable to expect that a schoolboy while getting flogged, should feel the propriety of the precept that he is not to regard what takes place behind his back.

It was not far from six o'clock of Monday morning, when the tidy little steamer reached Capetown. Cyril still slept ; and good Captain Tyne entered so fully into the feelings of those for whom he worked, that he made it his first task to have the three coffins taken at once in a large shore-barge, to the town or city of Capetown, a spot which doubtless will become of grand importance and of great population, being so well situated at the temperate apex of Africa, between the two oceans. He discovered a very respectable undertaker, and had the remains properly attended to, and he ordered them to be placed in new shells, and then in massive lead, and lastly in mahogany coffins, covered with purple velvet, and studded in George's instance with solid silver nails, and in his parents', with silver-gilt ; all the names and dates being magnifi-

cently emblazoned on illuminated heraldic shields. On the whole, everything was as handsome and respectful, as if it had been done in London.

Captain Tyne, having given the orders for all this, returned to the steamer, and found that Cyril was up, and had been dressing in the cabin where the bodies had been. Cyril approved of all his plans; and it seemed, the undertaker would be able to finish the matter with extreme rapidity, for the simple reason that he happened to have some of all the best articles wanted, in store, all ready, for Indian defuncts: thus there was little more to do, than to select out of his stock, and put things together: the ornaments alone would take a little time. In short, Captain Tyne suggested that he and Rudolf should take charge of the dead, and go home with them by the Southampton steamer, which was starting at an early date. Cyril agreed to this very convenient proposition; and he told Captain Tyne that the bodies were to be taken to Limelands, and then to be consigned with all due form and with every religious ceremony to the grand vault in the churchyard there. He added, that it was well, for the Lady Maude's sake, to get it all over; otherwise both she and himself would have been present, as chief mourners. Cyril told him (what he had himself divined) that he and Maude were eventually to be married; and yet, Maude herself had never said so!

Cyril found from the stewardess that "the lady"

was up and dressed ; and when Cyril sent her his morning salutation, Maude sent back word inviting him to breakfast with her. They were charmed to see each other ; and Maude seemed glorious in his eyes, and so she was, though she *did* look a little fagged. Cyril contented himself with only kissing her forehead ; and at once he told her all Captain Tyne's wise plans about her loved ones. She consented, unwillingly, and with tears, for, she had wished, to *see* them once more, and to "kiss them cold in clay" ; but, it was best as it was, and she submitted.

She was so kind in her manner to Cyril, it was plain the reason of her not showing herself to him yesterday evening, had not been any coldness or displeasure. The fact was, something about her dress had to do with it ; nor is it necessary that the public should know all a lady's reasons. But the chief cause was, that poor Maude had got fretting ; and she did not care that Cyril should see the signs of grief, as she knew it would grieve him. She had insensibly become communicative to the good sympathizing woman who waited on her ; and this had elicited her sorrows and her tears. The woman was not really a stewardess, but was merely a respectable female (by name Mrs. Rowley) whom Captain Tyne had picked up for the occasion, thinking her services might be required. She too had her tale ; she had been married, but had no children, and was actually the widow of the brother of the captain of the very whaler whose boat had

rescued Captain Tyne. She was a sensible good-looking woman of about forty; and when Maude told her she would like to engage her permanently (at very high wages,) she gladly consented, and was constituted housekeeper and deputy lady's-maid on the spot.

After breakfast, as Captain Tyne was going on shore, Cyril went with him, in order to find some good outfitters and so on, since there was more than one wardrobe wanting to be replenished. He proceeded to the bank, and made all right about funds, furnishing Captain Tyne plenteously; and then he went to see how the mournful work was going on, as he knew Maude would be glad to know. They were laid out, and were about to be screwed down, looking beautiful in death; they were not at all changed: and he kissed them each. He was glad he had this privilege; and he knew Maude would be satisfied.

He then engaged rooms for himself at a good hotel; (Captain Tyne had his own already:) and Cyril next hired, in Lady Edensor's own name, some very handsome apartments for her. This done, he found out a good clergyman, to whom he described that he wanted greatly to hear of some lady, who would act as companion to Lady Edensor, and return with her to England; she must be a lady, of education and refinement, and would be treated as such. The worthy clergyman replied that he was happily able to nominate the very person, a Mrs. Marsden, who was in the highest

sense of the word a lady and a Christian; and he added that in her case it would be found that all lady-companions were not like Aurora Floyd's "companion" Mrs. Walter Powell, the ensign's widow.

All was so very satisfactory in Mrs. Marsden's character and antecedents, that Cyril thanked the good clergyman, and went to call on her at once, describing himself as the Earl of Evelyn, who was desirous of engaging a lady as companion to his distant relative the young Baroness Edensor, who had lately lost her parents; the stipend mentioned was two hundred a year. Mrs. Marsden, who was a beautiful woman, looking about thirty, and of a quiet thoughtful cast, talked the matter over fully, and agreed to enter on her duties at once, and to remove that very hour to Lady Edensor's hired apartments, which Mrs. Marsden was able to do, as she had prepared herself to leave for England in the steamer which was so soon to start; but she preferred to wait and link her destinies with Lady Edensor, whose sorrows Cyril a little described, and whom he lauded not too extravagantly, as everything that was amiable.

Thus, when Cyril returned to the steamer, he was able to acquaint Maude that he was about to transfer her at once to an excellent abode; but he first told her, "I have seen *them*, before they were closed for ever: so beautiful, and peaceful!" She was standing before him, when he told her; and in her agitation, as she

thanked him, she caught hold tightly of both his arms. The grasp was not very strong, and the hands were very white and small; yet he felt that *not ten thousand iron rivets could hold him so powerfully*. He placed his arm gently round her waist, and drew her to his bosom; and then he whispered to her, "Maude, darling, I kissed them, the three, for you: will you not kiss me, each, for them?" She did so; she kissed him thrice, with swimming eyes. And, if the loving spirits, of her father, and of the queenly Gwendoline, as well as of poor George, could have looked down on them, from bliss; they would have given their every sanction to this mute betrothal, of the young fond hearts, so tender and so true.

At length when Maude reached her apartments, she found everything elegant and comfortable, and was delighted with Mrs. Marsden, who was herself enchanted with Maude. Mrs. Rowley took on her all the cares of the house, and engaged servants, and got all into good style.

Emma Marsden was the daughter of a gentleman of good family in England; and she had at an early age married for love a young gentleman, Clement Marsden, who first thought of the bar, and then became a divinity student. He was not even a curate; and he went out as a missionary to South Africa, and she went with him. He was a good, benevolent, learned, and large-hearted man, handsome both in person and in mind, and well calculated to obtain ascendancy over men's hearts; one of the

true pioneers of Christianity and its invariable concomitant, civilization. By the way, the broad fact that the purest Christianity always ensures the highest degree of civilization and the greatest amount of human welfare, is as strong as a whole library of evidences, in favor of the truth of the Gospel.

Mr. Marsden had but one child, which lived to be six years old, and was fondly loved; it died, and was buried in the desert. He went on, turning many to righteousness, but with a bowed heart. Hence he was physically less able to bear up, and he sooner sank, when attacked by fever. His remains were insufficiently buried, and were torn up, and devoured by wild beasts. But his reft widow, amid her horror and anguish, was able to grasp and never let slip the cheering comfort, that his brilliant soul was safe with his adored Saviour.

His success among the natives had been great; and it was attributable to his simply preaching Christ to them. It is a curious test, of the truth of Christ, that nothing else but Christ can impress the heathen heart. Men may be rebuked about their sins, or stormed at about Hell, or allured about Heaven; and they will take little notice. But when men are told of the suffering Jesus, and when *He* is spoken of as hanging on the excruciating cross, and as giving the heart's blood of so stainless benignant a being as Himself, for such worthless sinners as ourselves; then, even the most desperate miscreant begins to hearken, the tears trickle, the

Holy Spirit moves, the hard heart is softened, till the man is converted, and is at peace with God. Of this, an actual instance has been given in the reports of those zealous episcopal Christians, the Moravians. A missionary of theirs went among the Red Indians of North America, and indiscreetly began to teach them that there is a God. The Indians, who believed in the Great Spirit of the universe, indignantly told the missionary, "Think you we know not there is a God, as well as you? Begone," said they, "to your place." Another missionary, also injudicious, came and charged the savages not to be drunkards, thieves, nor liars. The Indians retorted, "We know that, better than you do; learn it first yourself, and then teach it to your own people, before you come to us: for, who are such drunkards, thieves, and liars as many among your Christians?" But, at length, a true ambassador of the everlasting Gospel arrived, whose topic was, one and alone, that "while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us; and that the Blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin." These truths won the heathen; their hearts were caught: many of the natives subsequently averred that they could not get over this new thought of the pardoning Blood of Christ. And in particular, one of the Indians, by name Tschoop, became thoroughly devoted to Christ, and preached the Gospel to his own tribes; and his evidence is, "I say therefore, preach Christ our Saviour, and His sufferings and death, if you would wish your word to gain any

entrance among the heathen." Yes, and perhaps the same advice might be acted on, more extensively than it is, with reference to the many practical pagans, whom we have at home, in the cities and towns and rural districts of "Christian" England. There, and everywhere, it is Christ, and only Christ, who goeth forth conquering and to conquer, subduing the most obdurate hearts by the talisman of His *love*.

CHAPTER XI.

LOVE.

“Hail, wedded Love, mysterious law, true source
Of human offspring, sole propriety
In Paradise of all things common else !
By thee adulterous lust was driven from men
Among the bestial herds to range ; by thee,
Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure,
Relations dear, and all the charities
Of father, son, and brother first were known.
Here Love his golden shafts employs, here lights
His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings,
Reigns here and revels.”

MILTON.

LOVE is a mighty bond. And now Cyril's whole soul might be said to be bound up in the grand problem, how he could make Maude's life pass happily. He engaged a carriage for her, to enjoy out-door exercise ; and in many and many a way he contributed to her comfort, while the very thought of *him* was a constant feast to her. He advised her not to be in too great a hurry to leave Capetown, but rather to wait till all things were comfortably arranged.

She at last told Cyril that though the remains of those so dear to her were closed up—which arrange-

ment she would not interfere with ; still, she should not be satisfied unless she at least saw the external aspect of the last home of those so lamented by her. Cyril had rather hoped she would not have exacted this, fearing as he did whether she could bear it ; nevertheless he could not but admire the affection which dictated it. So, her wish was gratified ; and it was a sad scene to behold the gentle girl, robed now in suitable mourning, bending over the coffins, and embracing the mute shrines of her lost loves and pouring out on them the deep sorrows of her soul. After this, she became much better enabled to preserve composure, and to steel herself against all promptings of woe.

And now the steamer was about starting, with Captain Tyne, to whom we must say good-bye. Cyril had settled everything with him ; and as Cyril did not wish to have any ‘Amaranth,’ he proposed that Captain Tyne should condescend to accept the post of head forester over the enormous estates which now had fallen to Cyril. A sailor, especially a practical one like Captain Tyne, is generally a good judge of timber ; and as Rudolf Hutchinson, whom Cyril wished to retain, was a tough old bachelor, and was very faithful, he was to be a sort of under-deputy to Captain Tyne, at a handsome salary, as sub-ranger. I may mention that as there was a good inn on one of the estates, this was to be held at a mere nominal rent by the faithful man-servant Peters, who, although he was with the Thorntons till they left Portsmouth, did

not sail in the 'Orpheus,' because he was to "marry Arabella," who also thus escaped destruction. Cyril wished to keep all his friends together, whether they were high or low, gentle or simple.

Captain Tyne himself as head forester was to receive one thousand pounds a year, which his services would be well worth, because in nothing more than woods and forests (witness the royal ones) is there so much revenue frittered away and lost to the owner, mostly by mere bad management. Not only were the Evelyn woods very extensive, but also there were broad forests at Grantley Court, with much woodland on Maude's Pinwell and Lime-lands property. The office was one which exactly suited Captain Tyne, because he was fond of nature, and he loved trees like a Druid, and he used to take off his hat to a grand OAK as a mark of respect to what man could not make. As far as I can foresee, Captain Tyne will be very happy in his duties, and acquire both esteem and wealth. There is a capital manor-house on one of the Evelyn estates, with large gardens, and everything in a gentlemanly style; this is to be his own residence. And when his pretty daughter Mary comes to live with him, I can look forward to the time when, with a fortune of ten thousand pounds, (and still better, her beauty and goodness, and Maude's love,) Mary may attain a very good match, by fascinating a favored youth of one of the best county families.

Cyril impressed on Captain Tyne before he left, that a great object with him would be, to improve

the condition of the laborers on his estates. He imagined, much might be done; and he thought that in some cases the rents might be raised, and more than reduced again, in case the cottages were kept tidy: thus there would be a fine on neglect, and a premium for neatness. Both Cyril and Captain Tyne having soon agreed that the position of the honest laborers was to be ameliorated; their last conversation now branched off to the question whether the Government might not act so that even convicts should be elevated. The ticket-of-leave system is a wretched failure. What is wanted is, to employ the penal-servitude men and women, on hard open-air work, for part of which they could get credit, as payment, if their work was done heartily; and thus ultimately they could purchase their freedom, by shortening their own term of imprisonment. The mixture of respectable free workmen, along with the convicts, during work hours, ought to be promoted by high wages; and this would be a strong incentive to spur the felons to buy their liberty. At present there are convicts set to work in quarries, at Portland and elsewhere. This is right, and all other prison plans are mistakes. All prisoners ought to be simply enforced workmen; and even old or infirm culprits or women could wheel the barrows or carry baskets. As for Millbank and Brixton Penitentiaries, they are simply mischievous; and Fulham Refuge, in which Sir Joshua Jebb took so much interest, is a ludicrous error, where near two hundred sturdy women

are housed, to giggle, and grow fat, and be always at chapel. To mix male and female convicts together would doubtless leave opens for immorality, as is now the case in union workhouses; still, there should be firm discipline, and the object would be worth while. Why not pitch on some spot, say in the island of Anglesey, two miles from the sea? Then take an easy gradient, due west, so as to tunnel far below St. George's Channel, which is only thirty-six fathoms deep and sixty miles across. Make the tunnel, by the hands of male *and female* convicts; it will be sure to be useful. Begin another tunnel from Kent towards Calais. The convicts may as well do that as anything else. And this course would not only solve the social enigma, how to restore felons to society; it would also promote the great national desideratum of intercommunication.

"I am afraid," said Cyril, "the 'Liberal' Government is too stingy, too timid and stubborn and red-tape-ish, to adopt our hint; however, if we cannot amend the public slaves, we can at least benefit our own private laborers: and you, Captain Tyne, will have much influence, which you may rely on my always seconding with all my power. Is it not a grand ambition, to be at the head of a large body of sober, intelligent, contented fellow-countrymen? This is the true theory of an aristocracy."

Captain Tyne thus departed in the steamer; and we may remark that the question had been discussed between Maude and Cyril, whether they

should themselves hurry home in the same packet. But both Mrs. Marsden and Mrs. Rowley agreed that Lady Edensor was by no means ready. Cyril knew that for her to be in the same vessel with the dead, would be a constant source of grief, and an enforcement of perpetual sadness, enough to undermine her health. He did not express this, but he dilated rather on the point that it would be very provoking and dismal merely to go back the same way they came, all again along by Sierra Leone and Spain. He suggested that it would be far more agreeable, and only a little longer, to go on soon by the ordinary packet to the Mauritius, and then take the other packet up to the Red Sea, and so home. Maude highly approved of this; and so it was decided on.

Maude had now been several days in Capetown; and Cyril and she had enjoyed many a sweet stroll together. True to his old Boulogne tricks, Floss was the medium for notes and queries. Cyril at his hotel would in the morning write a note, "Dearest Maude, may I see you in half an hour for a walk?" and he would wrap this note in a sheet of paper, which Floss took *drily* in his mouth. There was no need to tell him where he was to go; off he trotted direct to Maude's apartments, where his whine and scratch at the door were equivalent to the most orthodox postman's double-knock. Welcomed and petted by Maude, he soon returned, with the short and sweet rejoinder, "Yes, dearest." Sometimes he would come, quite impudently, with-

out any note, and look up in her face, as if to say, "It is *your* turn to write to you know who." So Maude had to pen a note, to ask Cyril to dinner; and Floss always came too, as if *he* was of course entitled. Good old Floss was a constant fount of fun. And as for Maude, when she was by herself, it was as if her constant song, "Darling Cyril, darling Cyril."

And now, as the steamer they had decided on, would soon leave, and as the shipwrecked Maude was ready to depart, having at last got all a lady's belongings about her; Cyril one day took his opportunity, when she was standing in her beauty before him in her drawing-room, to lay hold of her little hand, and ask her, "Darling Maude, beloved of my very soul, *when* shall I have the inestimable gift of this little hand being bestowed on me?"

As she trembled, and did not reply, he continued, "Under ordinary circumstances, where there was such recent cause for so much sorrow, a marriage would be deferred for one year, or even two years. But in our case, the course of events, under the control of Providence, would plainly seem to overrule the false delicacies of etiquette. The exigencies of our very troubles themselves quite clearly bid us give ourselves to one another, without any unmeaning delay. Besides, the world's idea about a marriage being at variance with a late bereavement, is founded on the error, that a wedding is a mere junketing and jovial occasion. But our union would be in order to strengthen ourselves by our

mutual helping of each other, so as better to fulfil those very duties which we have been, by the grief itself, almost too much weakened to execute. Thus an union like ours would not be a disrespect to the dead, but rather a votive tribute to their memory. There have even been cases where a dying parent has taken a daughter's hand, and placed it in the hand of her lover, and exacted a promise from them, that their union should not be delayed by the death, but should, as the dying parent's express wish, be immediately consummated. And surely, darling, in our instance, the matter is tantamount to this. Yes, if we could hear the voice of your sainted father, mother, brother, they would be heard enjoining us to have our nuptials solemnized at once. This is the transparently right interpretation of the decree of Providence in throwing us together on that lonely shore. And yet, darling, I will admit that for us to be wedded here in Capetown, might look precipitate. But then, dearest," added Cyril archly, "we are going to the Mauritius, and there is a good bishop there."

Thus did Cyril fondly plead for that which he justly estimated above all things, the possession of Jessie. And she, it was apparent, was convinced, so far as this, that she saw there was no valid reason why their marriage should be long deferred. She did not like to refuse Cyril anything, since she knew from her own heart how much he must have longed for her; and as to herself, every pulse of her bright being was dedicated to him, and the prime purpose

of her existence was to gratify him and make him happy. And yet, she *had* an idea of her own, on the matter. In short, she did *not* fancy being married at either the Cape or the Mauritius. The marriage need not be in England; indeed, it had better be before they reached home: yet it should be nearer home than any of these far regions. So she settled the question in her own beautiful way, by gently embracing him, and laying her head on his breast, and murmuring to him, "Am I not your own *Jessie of Boulogne?*"

Cyril understood her wish, and acceded to it, and was satisfied, telling her, "Yes, my own *Jessie*, let it be at Boulogne, where I first saw you, and where I shall gain you for ever. Nor could anything be bestowed on me, which I value so much as your priceless self." And so they sealed their mutual covenant with more than one pure blameless kiss.

Leaving the Cape on the 13th of November, when there were numerous meteors seen, Cyril and Maude and suite set sail for the Mauritius. They passed outside of the Dyer isle; but not only were they too far off, for it to be distinguishable, but also the time was long past midnight, and thus they (being wrapped in sleep) were spared all harrowing reminiscences. They stayed some days at the Mauritius, and were much interested in this important little colony. The Australian mail came in, and they availed themselves of the steamer which immediately proceeded towards Aden and the Red Sea; and Cyril felt that every homeward move

was bringing Jessie nearer and nearer to his arms.

It was during this part of the voyage that Cyril was enabled to gratify his lady-love particularly. For, Maude had become much attached to Mrs. Marsden ; Maude spoke of her quite warmly to Cyril, how kind and attentive she was, how feeling and considerate, never officious, never intrusive, but invariably self-denying and obliging : acting always as if she was a dear and fond elder sister. "She evidently loves me," added Maude. "Well," quoth Cyril, "I don't see any merit in *that* ; for, how could she help doing so ?" "Now, don't be silly, Cyril ; but I am sure you agree with me, that it is very fortunate you secured for me so very superior and estimable a person : because, a companion *might* be an absolute nuisance."

While thus they were talking together about her, Cyril almost frightened Maude, by all at once springing to his feet, and striking his hands together, and eagerly exclaiming, "Marsden ! surely I know something of the name ? Yes, darling, I can put you in the way of doing her an immense service, which, only for us, she would never have even heard of." "O, I am so glad," cried Maude, rapturously. And then Cyril went on to narrate to Maude that among the documents in her father's trunk, there were some papers, which he had very slightly examined, and yet he certainly had seen the name Marsden ; and the papers related to the restoration of large property to some Marsdens who had gone abroad

and had got lost sight of. "They must be the same ; the Marsdens, missionaries in the dense wilds of Africa !" The trunk was in Cyril's cabin, and he fetched the bundle of documents and examined them with Maude ; and the result was that Mrs. Marsden, who was on deck, had word sent her that Lady Edensor and Lord Evelyn wished to speak with her in the cabin. On her entering, Cyril got up and asked her in a very kind tone if she knew the name Oswald ? At this, the poor lady burst into bitter tears, and replied, "Yes, it was my own name, the name of my late father." So, she somehow knew of his death, perhaps by some stray newspaper ; and Cyril enquired, "Has he left you his property ?" "No," cried she, in deep distress. "Well then," said Cyril, "Lady Edensor has good news for you ; and I will leave you both to make it all out together."

Cyril withdrew from the cabin, glad to give his girl the treat ; and the two beautiful women rushed into each other's arms, and had a good sobbing, after which they set to work and fathomed the documents as acutely as a pair of solicitors could. The papers were all in due form ; and it was evident that Mrs. Marsden, armed with all a daughter's rights, could easily substantiate her claim to all Squire Oswald's large property. Her chief thought seemed to be, "O if poor Clement" [her late husband] "could only have known this !"

Most grateful was Emma Marsden, to the beautiful Maude, who seemed if possible more divine than ever, when conferring a blessing on another ;

she looked like a downright diamond-mine of mercies and delights. And this whole Marsden matter may form a good sample of the strange providences, called "chances," whereby good results, of the utmost importance, hinge upon apparently fortuitous conjunctures. It was the fact, that, in the whole wide world, there was now no other clue, to inform Emma Marsden that her father had reinstated her, except what accrued from these complete documents, which had been all but lost in the wreck of the 'Orpheus,' and which Cyril had "accidentally" secured from the sea; and again, had not she been thrown "by chance" in the way of Lady Edensor, it is probable these very documents would have lain always as they were, mouldering in the General's trunk, apparently as useless as Teddy's baby-frock, because it would have been supposed that Squire Oswald's daughter had utterly disappeared. While all these things are going on around us, there really seems something quite insane, in the horrible doctrines of the deist or the atheist, who denies the being or ignores the providence of God.

Proceeding on towards the Red Sea, our voyagers found the heat intense, and Maude was for a time indisposed, and confined to her cabin; during which period Cyril had to *think* about her, instead of talking to her. His thoughts were chiefly emotions of the deepest gratitude to God, that he had won Maude in such a way that now she was giving him her very heart's love entirely of her own accord. Some girls "love," and get married, because

they are coaxed, worried, or bribed into it. But Cyril had not teased her at all. He had not pestered her with his "addresses," any more than had he invaded her self-respect. And see how Cyril might be said to have been tempted to act otherwise! Look at Cyril, thrilling as he was with every impulse of passionate love; still his attitude towards the beauteous Maude was all that was honorable, not only when he had her all to himself on the lonely isle, but also when at the Cape or on the voyage he was making every arrangement for her comfort. His great aim is, all along, not to compromise her, not to intrude himself unfairly on her, but to let his every act towards her be dictated by the very essence of honor. In many a way he might have forced himself on her. But he abstains. And why? Because he loves her. And all the while, by his generous loyalty, he is storing up for himself the peerless treasure, that Maude's own bright and stainless heart is now giving itself more and more to him with all the intensity of genuine perfect love.

Such a scene as this, of successful virtue, is, I contend, more likely to turn people from impurity, than any set philippics against immorality. Suppose I was to indite the following Moral Ditty (original):—"Whene'er a pretty person may entice
Your subtle senses to the ways of vice, However
fine the form or fair the skin, Think of the nasty
skeleton within; Thoughts of the grinning skull
and rattling ribs Can unbewitch you from the foul

one's fibs." I maintain that the happiness of such lovers as Cyril and Maude, is more persuasive than any such dismal deterrings. So also, the true genius of "aristocracy" is more asserted by such a visibly good career as that of Lord Evelyn, than by any declamations in favor of an order of peers. I feel this so strongly, that I will even relieve myself of the following (original) view of Rank Rascality:—
"Whoever answers to the name of Smith Has principles as weak as elder pith; And he who giggles to the name of Brown Is sure of Newgate Calendar renown: While every buffer of the name of Jones Belongs to the worst class of wag-a-bones: And each Jack Robinson in every case Is wretch, and ruffian, villain, vile and base. But, every Leger, with the prefix St., Each San-George, Sin-clair, Sey-maur, is a saint; The name is good, the man may be a muff: Rank is the real regular full puff."

After some time, when the breeze was moderate, and there was calm evening air, Maude came on deck; and O how delighted was Cyril to see her! He earnestly asked how she felt, and she replied that she was nearly well again.

"Does the sea affect you, dearest?"

"No; not in the least: I am quite a good sailor, like the Queen."

"Do you know, darling, I was just musing on the very point, that I wish the Queen would visit the colonies."

"Just what I think; there is a reality in Monarchy: and the Queen is a great fact."

"Yes, if some would call it 'snobbish' or 'flunkeyish,' still I hold, that the very radical who abuses the throne, is the very fellow who is not only a regular tyrant at home, but also he is the identical old hunk who goes off into a fainting-fit, when ushered with a deputation into the presence of royalty."

"I see clearly," said Maude, "that *society* is real; society must have a head: and the best head is an unpurchaseable one: such is the Crown."

"Your argument," replied Cyril, "is most true; nor do bad monarchs affect it: at the same time a good sovereign is like its namesake coin, a very good thing to have. The power which each British monarch wields over British hearts, has usually been immense; and this power has not slackened but intensified in the case of Queen Victoria."

"Yes," said Maude, "it is easy to see that British affections are ready to twine like tendrils round the throne. We all like to see the head of the state."

"Precisely so; and I remember that I felt as it were new loyalty, when I first saw the Queen at a distance."

That is the very sentiment I would build on; and if it be a truth that the sight of the Queen in public is an absolute gratification to the million, I would ask, has not the Queen more than three kingdoms under her sway? Are there not enormous colonies, which are actually embryo empires?

"I," says Maude, "should not be surprised if the passion or devotion of her subjects to the Queen,

was even stronger in the outlying limbs of her dominions, than in the heart of home."

"Such," says Cyril, "is believed to be the case; and all those vast distant colonies have express claims on the Queen. She is Queen of Canada, Queen of Australia [South-east Britain], 'Empress' of India. I would select those three portions of her empire as having special reasons to ask her to show herself to them, say, in three successive years. And of the three 'colonies,' I would pick out Canada for the first visit."

"You propound this then as a Trip for the Queen?"

"I do," cried Cyril; "I say, what would it be, for such a good sailor as Her Majesty, to go, ten days out, ten days back, across the Atlantic, in mid summer or so, to open or close or merely 'take the chair' of the colonial Parliament? It would be grand, if the mistress of inaccessible England were to issue forth as veritable queen of the sea with a magnificent fleet, and hold a 'Durbar' of all the magnates of British North America, Indian chiefs and all. The toil to the Queen in her luxurious cabin would not be much more than a Balmoral journey; the obsolete need for a regency might be overruled: and as to the expense, it would not be much more than what attends the usual trips of the Channel Fleet: and then, see what a splendid bit of practice and exercise it would be for our naval power."

"Perhaps," cried Maude, "it would be fine

weather, and a calm sea, without any need to revive the story of the writing-master who when sea-sick complained that if Britannia ruled the waves, he wished she would rule them straighter."

Cyril laughed, and declared, "I am confident there could be no ruling of waves or scoring of keels along the surface of the Atlantic, which would so maintain loyalty, as for the British Monarch to cross them, and stand with proud affection on her own American soil, and talk face to face with her manly colonial sons. I confess I should myself be as enchanted as I know the Britishers from Canada and Vancouver to the pole, would be, if the lineal holder of the oldest of earthly sceptres would dash across the Atlantic and stand among her subjects there, simply to greet them with good will, and frankly to tell them the truism that she only wishes to retain over them the bond of mutual love. I can picture in my mind's eye the grand fleet going out, the double line of 'battle' across the ocean, the royal yacht between the files of war-ships, the landing of the Queen, the thrill through all *our* American hearts, the genuine gratulations, the opportunity for good suggestions, possibly the offer of some new system of honors or titles; and the magnificent occasion for words of wisdom to be spoken. O, it is the right sort of thing to be done. *The Queen should show herself* in person to the colonies; first (I say) to her North American lieges: next to the Australians: and last not least to her East Indian peoples. The genuine influence of that

mystic circlet the Crown, would thus be utilized, so as to bind together the whole British empire in one splendid bond of strength and peace."

"I wonder it has not been done before now," said merry Maude; "I am sure the Queen herself would like it: I know I should, if I were Queen."

"So you are; you are queen of my soul."

"But, Cyril, if it is not done, somebody must be disinclined to do it."

"Doubtless; and that somebody I suppose is the penny-wise *Liberal* 'Government' of the day, who would in such a thing as this be like the wheelbarrowing boy who was told he ought to be more alert in trundling his coals down the path, as it was an inclined plane: 'O,' says he, 'the plane may be inclined, but I'm not.'"

Maude was amused, and said, "I like that sort of ready repartee; it is like as when there was a very little man among six tall burly fellows, and a friend coming up did not at first discover the little gentleman, who replied, 'Yes, I am like a silver sixpence hidden by six penny pieces, but, worth the whole of them.' Do you know, Cyril, I have wondered whether an epic poem could be written, on some grand historical or sublime topic, and yet full of fun."

"That is a new idea; but I fear the critics would savagely condemn it: they would turn up what little noses they have at it. The only poetry that gets praised is such as is unintelligible, or else something of the Beppo sort, full of covert cuts against all that is good and pure. I believe if

Milton wrote in the present age, he'd be howled down by the Athenæum and Co.; he would have to write railway novels. Sterne had to find this sort of thing out, about didactics; he as Yorick, wrote forty-five religious essays, which nobody ever opened: then, as a satire against the world and himself, he penned his 'Sentimental Journey' about French grisettes, and his 'Tristram Shandy' about bluebottle flies: and these trifles took with 'the town,' and the like are what 'take' now with 'the public.' I fear your epic would not answer, darling; I would read it, for one."

"Yes, but, what I mean, is, let there be some grand poem on such a topic as the Reformation or the Peninsular War; let there be magnificent descriptions of battles, or brilliant renderings of great events: and yet, interspersed, let there be liveliness, merriment, yes, downright jokes, so that we may not only flush with enthusiasm, but also smile with pleasure and amusement."

"I confess I do not see why not. Historians are as staid as epic poets; and yet historians like Herodotus and Macaulay have their funny passages: Shakespeare also interlards his tragedies with humorous scenes. Epic poems are more talked about, than read; and this is perhaps because they are not sufficiently entertaining. I doubt," continued Cyril, "if the modern poems, the hazy ones, are much read, either; the publisher always declares they do not pay: still, they have nominal admirers. It is the

sort of mad mystery in them, which attracts certain crooked instincts. Anything contrary to common sense or common fact, in poetry or prose, is sweet to these people ; thus it was hinted by A. J. Kempe in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1839, that Queen Victoria ought not to be characterized as Queen, but should be actually denominated King : as if the term Queen signifies merely the wife of the reigning sovereign !! Sometimes these people get lost as it were in their own fog, or like Frankenstein torn to pieces by his own creation. It is good fun to see them puzzled by the profundity of their own caco-demoniological transcendentalism. They are so abstruse and so occult, that they run wild as wide as all the infinite compass of the Possibilities. There is in them all the Grand, together with all the Secret ; blending together in one radiant wreath, the Illimitable, the Perdurable and the Indigestible. The very names of these people's books are bewildering, as, the 'Correlation of Moral Contingencies,' or, the 'Esoteric Essence of the Unconscionable in Æsthetics.' They seem to be chiefly bent on proving that by no sphinx or chimera or other tortuosity were men's wits ever dislocated so ruthlessly as by their own enigma of the inexplicable in Intellectualism. All that school of 'thought' might be classed as 'Nothingology.'

"But now, darling, it is growing damp and dark ; so I must see you into safety."

"Good-night, Cyril." And so with many a tender kiss the happy lovers parted.

CHAPTER XII.

MARRIAGE.

“ Onward, onward, may we press
Through the path of duty ;
Virtue is true happiness,
Excellence true beauty :
Minds are of celestial birth,
Make we then a heaven of earth.

Closer, closer, let us knit
Hearts and hands together,
Where our fireside comforts sit
In the wildest weather ;
O, they wander wide, who roam
For the joys of life, from home.

Nearer, nearer, bands of love
Draw our souls in union,
To our Father's house above,
To the saints' communion ;
Thither every hope ascend,
There may all our labors end.”

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

WHEN Maude parted from him, Cyril had to console himself by reflecting, “ My girl may part from me, but she is my own for ever ! O what a gain ! her mind, her love, her beauty ! ” And then he tried to amuse himself by thinking of the few wooden par-

titions of decks and cabins, between him and her, and likening the case to what Shakespeare in his "Midsummer Night's Dream," has about Pyramus and Thisbe and the chink in the wall. A similar incident is related in "The Travels of Foure Englishmen," 1612, concerning the Nazaritans, "They never see their wives until they come to be married; there is a partition in the place where they meet to be married, and the Cassies bid the young man put his hand thorow an hole in the wall, and take his wife by the hand."

And now our history proceeds to make known that we happily are to pass over all such hackneyed items, as Aden, and Perim, and Suez, and the crossing "the Desert," and M. Lesseps, and the ascent of the Pyramids; nor need we stop to describe the Mediterranean voyage, and a teapot storm which occurred exactly at latitude *abc* and longitude *xyz*. Enough be it to say, that our party reached the fine bustling city of Marseilles, on Sunday, February the first, 1863.

Nor were the troubles ended. For though the occurrence was frightful, the facts have to be stated as follows.

Their train left Marseille (Anglice, Marseilles) at ten on Monday morning; and this, the first-class express train, reached Lyon (Lyons) exact at (the stated time) six minutes after six in the evening. As Maude was not much tired, they used the day up, in forging on to Dijon; at which rosy place they did not arrive till 11.17. The train

indeed went on, all night; but it was essential that "*Jessie of Boulogne*" should not be knocked up: and, as the promised bride was everything, *her* halt was at Dijon, that she might rest and sleep. Next morning, there was no first-class express train from Dijon on towards Paris, till past *midi* (mid-day). They might indeed avail themselves of the "omnibus" train at 6.10; but this would be uncomfortably early. Or, they might take the second omnibus (omnium-gatherum) train at 9.40, in the morning; but this would not reach Paris till 8.45 in the evening, being above two hours later than the "*midi*" one! Such hurry would be advancing backwards. So they had to lounge about Dijon, all the morning, and start at 12.9; nor did they reach Paris till 6.30.

Cyril had all a lover's impatience to possess her of whom he was always dreaming as "the white pillar;" and therefore he naturally was rather vexed at two days being spent on getting over only that much of the road: nor did they want to stop and see Paris now. Still, stop in Paris, they must, for the night; since there would be nothing gained by fidgeting further. Aye, if railroads breed punctuality, and if they teach us the value of odd minutes; they also "coach" us up in another branch of mental discipline, sometimes unpleasantly, when we are forced to own the need of patience, and the uselessness of making a fuss.

The express train from Paris to Boulogne, by which they decide to travel, (Feb. 4,) starts at 8 in

the morning; and it is due at the "*buffet*" (beef-eater) or stop-and-lunch city of Amiens at 10.50. But, there was one of those abominable omnibus trains (first, second, and third class), which had left Paris at 6.10, and was not supposed to arrive at Amiens till 10.40, or ten minutes before our train. However, it was behind its time, at the preceding station but one, Boves, where our train did not stop, but dashed through, the omnibus train being shunted to a siding to let us pass, as the omnibus *was* to go on later from Amiens.

No sooner had the express passed thus at Boves, than the omnibus steamed on after; and when the express paused at the next station, Longueau, the omnibus was close behind: and thus there was a crush of people at the little place. There seemed also to be some great confusion or excitement in the neighbourhood, perhaps because there were to be some goings-on, at Amiens, in connexion with the Musée Napoleon, (for which they have lotteries).

There was a rush to seize on every empty seat; and thus it happened that as Maude wanted a drink of water, and Cyril went to fetch it for her, he found on his return that the compartment was crammed, and his place was filled up, though Maude and Mrs. Marsden had almost fought for it. Cyril could have pitched the intruders out; but he good-humoredly said, "I'll get in somewhere or other, as we'll very soon be at Amiens:" and Maude did not see what became of him. She felt sick at heart; it was the first time they had thus to travel apart.

On went the express. The first carriage, next the engine and tender, was now chiefly full of gentish *gamins* and smooth roughs, who were all smoking. They were all at work with their nasty silly pipes, and the lucifer matches with which they lit them; so they managed to set fire to a big greasy bundle—"Banknotes?" (shrug) "No: love-letters!" (another shrug). "Burn it." So they did, all in fun, ho, ho! but soon the fire spread from the bundle to the railway-carriage itself; and the speed, though only middling fast, was rapid enough to fan the flame, almost instantly, into a fierce blaze. The poor French people shrieked as only people do when getting burnt; and there was a fear that the whole train, with its combustible French-polished panels, would soon resolve itself into one total wisp of fire: like the horrible accident which occurred some years ago at Versailles, where the passengers were roasted in the train and could not get out. But before the fire could spread from the first to the second carriage, some man had clambered out, between these two carriages, and had contrived to break or unscrew the coupling-irons, so that the engine and tender and burning carriage went forward, and the rest of the train was left behind. At the same time, some genius, at the end of the train, unhooked two other carriages, which, having less impetus, lagged behind, and stopped; while the main middle bulk of the train moved on of itself some distance more, before it came to a stand-still.

Maude had been horrified at the smoke and

blaze; might not Cyril be there? And as if this affright were not enough, the heavy unmanageable omnibus train now came up, and stopped itself by running into the last two carriages, which were crushed into bits, and every person in them was injured or killed. The noise of this collision was hideous; it seemed all a scream and a groan and a crunch, with a hoarse grinding smashing and clattering-up of shivering and shattering wood. Maude was safe; but was not Cyril either burnt, or mangled? To ease her agony, Mrs. Marsden got out, and ran back, and found that the housekeeper Mrs. Rowley and some of the other servants had got out (none of them having been in the wrecked carriages), and had been to the scene, and now were running towards Lady Edensor's carriage, screaming that "the master" (Lord Evelyn) "was killed." Mrs. Marsden, with more sense and judgment, stopped them, and turned back to see whether it was so. And there she came up to what evidently had been a tall young man, in Cyril's dress, with both feet torn off, and the head so mashed as not to be recognizable. With utter dismay she identified it as Cyril, when who should speak to her but Cyril himself, who had got out and had been humanely attending to the sufferers. There was blood on him, but it was not his own. The good brave Emma Marsden, who loved and honored Cyril for his own sake as well as for Maude's, could scarce stand, for agitation, so full was she of thankfulness at his being unhurt; because, the costume of the man

who was killed was so like Cyril's (a new French one), she had concluded it was himself. Cyril had first to support her, and then she brought him to Maude's carriage (which many persons had left,) and made him get in, as if nothing was so important now as that Maude and Cyril should not be divided any more. Maude's little hand was now grasping his arm again, and kept hold of it a fine while.

Ere long, the engine and tender backed, with the scorched carriage, the fire of which was easily extinguished when the motion ceased; and the engine having picked up the uninjured part of its train, moved on towards Amiens, to bring the news, and send medical aid. Cyril remained quiet, as Maude could not bear him out of her sight. They arrived at Amiens, all right; and at last they rattled into Boulogne station, about two or so in the afternoon, not much behind the regular time. Thus though the frightful accident seemed likely to include Cyril, it was only one of the *ifs* of life; and though the lovers had to be parted, it was merely for a time. Maude had simply suffered a dreadful fright; and her joy at having Cyril safe, freed her from the deadly fainting or hysterics, to which she might well have been doomed by the alarm.

After Maude had been soon settled in comfortable quarters in Boulogne, and Cyril at his old hotel; the same evening, Cyril urged her to name an early day for their espousals, the sooner because of the many frights and troubles they had endured:

"for," said he, "although there can be no more Cabanas, still, until we are actually married, I feel as if, like the railway accident, there will always be something or other trying to part us." And then he pointed out to her that it would be well to have the wedding solemnized "before Lent;" this was rather sly of him, because he, like the Prince of Wales, justly considered holy matrimony quite suitable for any holy period. Nevertheless he drew her attention to the fact that Saturday, February 14, would be Valentine's Day, and that the season of "Lent" would begin on the Wednesday after. And he reminded her that well on for four months would have elapsed since the sad day of death. Thus persuaded, Maude agreed that Valentine's Day should be their day of union.

Their friends, who were to be present on the occasion, had already been written to; and now these friends were summoned to come over to Boulogne in time. Already, in advance, and somewhat boldly, Cyril had made all arrangements, about the different documents and a common as well as a special licence for the marriage of the Earl of Evelyn and the Baroness Edensor.

Cyril and Maude took a mournful pleasure, one or two days, in traversing Boulogne and visiting old scenes. The hotel where the fire had been, was all altered; but there was no alteration, not even a newer name, in the case of the Barrage bridge, and Caligula's ruins. These were the scenes where they had been together before, but *then* they had

been accompanied by one who was now away. Above all, he took Maude to the end of the pier. There was no one else there at the time; so, Cyril made JESSIE stand as he had seen her *stand* first of all: and then he went and placed himself exactly as he had been sitting on that first occasion. And, as he looked at Jessie, standing now as before in her wondrous beauty, but alone! the thrilling thought recurred, "Where is the tender and queenly mother who had been with her, there, when they stood at that spot, so few months ago; and O what awful events have intervened!"

The same thoughts came vividly to Maude, and were becoming so painful and oppressive, that Cyril flew to her, and caressed her, and spoke sweet words of comfort, and drew her away from the pier and its reminiscences, leading her on to the town's more cheerful scenes.

At last he brought back the smile to her lips, by proposing to resume formally the proceedings of their Special Boulogne Improvement Committee; in which direction however they did not do much. Yet he made some fun for her, and it was almost too bad of Cyril, being so tall, pointing out to her so unmercifully, how little and wee-jeen most Frenchmen are; which smallness is only the more proved by some few Frenchmen being very *long*, rather than tall, six feet four, or so, which rare exception proves the rule. One or two very lengthy Frenchmen evince how diminutive are all the rest. Frenchmen are all alike in little perkiness, just as

they are alike in handwriting, for indeed all Frenchmen write precisely the same hand, and it is invariably illegible.

Frenchmen are also generally lazy and greedy ; hence a workman will not give up his " dinner " (of hog-wash), in order to get a good job. The women have one funny uniformity ; they " wash " twice a year, at the beginning and end of the Boulogne " season," all washing the duds together in huge tubs, big enough for the nine muses to operate around at once : and, " O crikey " [classical phrase], isn't there a chatteration among the saponaceous goddesses ! They seem certainly quite winsome and lissom [lithesome] and all that, whatever it is ; at least they are very merry, and when you are near them, you grin too, infected by their air of *Vive la bagatelle* : nor do they appear to know how ignorant and godless they are. There is nothing more queer than French piety. For example, a French person will make a deliberate breach of one commandment, be a most meritorious set-off against an infringement of another commandment. The following is a fact, and a fine instance how the sin of taking God's Name in vain, can be Frenchically brought forward to rectify the sin of Sabbath-breaking :—

Scene—A Frenchwoman talking and cackling ; she lets out, " I was with my husband at the theatre on Sunday night."

" O, you naughty woman," sings out a good little English girl, " how wicked of you to go to the play-house on Sunday !"

"No, miss," retorts Madame Gaul, "it is very *propre*, and quite religious, for, at the theatre, they often call on God, thus," clasping her hands, and rolling her eyes, and striding and stretching out till she is half kneeling, with a most theatrical abandon of supplication; "and they often and often cry, 'O mon Dieu' !!!"

Thus the sin of profaning the holy name, is coolly taken as of course amending and correcting the desecration of the Lord's Day. Such people have no conscience, nor any religious aptitudes; and therefore there is no good talking to them.

"I *will* have my Maude merry," averred Cyril; "so now do you just notice those entertaining street cries."

And I may explain that it is really diverting to listen to a particular fish-girl, whose voice or rather shriek is a curiosity, whether what she vends may come under the head of *maquereau* (mackerel,) or *merlan* (whiting,) or *huitres* (oysters); the piercing scream is, E—e—e—ee—au! or rather, A—te—try—ee—au! quavering off in the highest altissimo treble key, and with the finale very much resembling the hee-haw of a downright donkey's bray, only intensely shrill, and most musically screechy. *That* girl could be "made to sing." The Boulogne cries are more odd than any London ones; one old fellow with rabbit-skins is really ingenious for the grotesque Tartarean grunt he disgorges. And an ugly young woman with an old-bones' bag, has a voice which is literally silvery and sweet in the

extreme; when she begins, you think that a lady is singing in the street for a wager, or else that some one who "has seen better days" is now at last reduced to carol in the gutter: but, it is merely the young old-bones' woman, and she gives you only the one stave. One young man, who deals in some commodity of rags and skins, gushes out his voice in a thorough *Misééré* chant, so that he makes one fancy he must be engaged, the rest of his time, in the choir of some popish church; and in fact what he always reminds one of, is, the venerable tale about—"My mistress has got a quarter of lamb, and doesn't know how to do—oo it!" *Priest*, "Boil the leg, and roast the loin, and make a PUD—ding of the su—et."

But the best Boulogne cry or howl is that of a stout bearded man, who trumpets his pats of cheese or fromage (de stink), in the following words, "Fromage de la crème, fro-mage de Neuf-cha-tel, fro-mage de Ma-roilles, fro-mage Roll-ot." I copy from his own writing, because Lord Myself examined him in it all, just as Lord Wilton has a private scrape with the organ-grinders; and, above, you have the words, quite reliably, set down, according to the cheese-man's own actual intonation. The cry is really a phenomenon; it is trolled forth, loud and clear, in one deliberate mellifluous stentorian shout, each syllable as distinct as a cannon-shot: suggesting, that if the jolly chanter himself browses on it (which I doubt, as his nose looks good,) the odoriferous *fromage* must be "the cheese" for the

lungs. He is going to Amiens, and more's the pity ; his brother who takes his place being a very poor imitation of him. All luck to him, at Amiens and elsewhere. He might make a good public singer, of the boisterous Braham order ; and, by the way, if anyone takes up this idea of *mine* (which is copyright with all its results), and makes a "celebrated vocalist" of this sonorous Catalani in trousers, it would be only fair that I should receive a royalty on the profits.

At length, the blissful day has arrived for the nuptials of Maude and Cyril. The only friends present, beside myself (a distant relative), are, the old Marchioness, who is *not* wheezy, but a very fine good-natured old lady, sharp as a needle ; out of my fun, I just now whispered to her, "Are you going to sleep at Boulogne to-night ?" and she answered "No," very briskly. Besides her, we have Mrs. Marsden, and Cyril's guardians, one of whom is Colonel of the 99th Foot. There are also the Hon. Major Fitzherbert and his beautiful and joyous Adela, a real sunbeam anywhere ; and whose own hope of a little stranger will, I trust, not rob her of one jot of her delightful complaint the giggles. There are only two bridesmaids ; one of them is a duke's daughter, but I really do not know their names, having never seen them before this minute : I only know they are splendidly dressed and strikingly handsome, as Mrs. Fitzherbert brought them, and picked them out on purpose. Nothing can exceed *her* rapture at how the whole thing has turned out,

and how Cyril has found and won his Jessie ; in which achievement the delicious Adela herself had taken no inconsiderable share. Mrs. Marsden is voted by everyone, extremely good-looking ; she is a young widow, now very rich : with good taste, she does not wear any black, nor does she ever mean to wear widow's-weeds. It is supposed that she will never marry again. I think, if George had lived, Mrs. Marsden and he *ought* to have made a happy pair ; but then, as it was George's fate to be unloved, I suppose something would have intervened. The clever thoughtful Emma Marsden is now taking great care that everything goes on nicely at the marriage. I beg to assert that there could not possibly be two more hearty and desirable young matrons superintending a wedding, than my Emma and my Adela ; I am proud of them both : *good women are always nice*. As for Floss, he has a grand wedding favor, a rosette with real pearls ; and could any canine gentleman deserve it better ? He looks quite serious and "impressed." The wedding "comes off," quietly, at the Upper Town church ; Cyril's other guardian officiates, as he is one of the canons of Chichester Cathedral.

The young Maude, Baroness Edensor, is all a glory of white lace ; and she wears her aigrette on the occasion. Seeing her, I can asseverate that the darling "Jessie of Boulogne" looks more lovely than either pen or pencil can delineate.

What a wondrous prize is she as she stands in all her blissfulness, Maude the beautiful, the master-

piece of her Maker! It would seem as if her Creator had lavished on her with a loving hand, all the most exquisite fascinations of womanhood; perfect she is in form, perfect in feature, perfect in purity. Not even the imagination of Michael Angelo or Carlo Dolce, could depict anything so transcendent as she is in herself, the maiden so gentle, tender and true, the most excellent of all things, *an English girl!* with now the crown of LOVE upon her head, as a young bright beauteous bride. There she is, Maude herself, the apotheosis of all my theory.

As for our noble Cyril, Earl of Evelyn, he is the perfection of manly good looks; he seems almost wild with joy: and "nobody can deny" that he really deserves his wondrous wife.

The marriage is now going on, (February 14, 1863) while I am tracing these last lines with pencil on the top of my hat, finishing my History of a Few Minutes.

I believe the intention of the young couple is to go on from Boulogne-sur-mer to "Ghent," and thence to England. It does not become me to anticipate matters; but still I cannot help fancying, that if there *should* hereafter be an heir to the joint houses of Evelyn and Edensor, he is likely to be little George: and I am certain the first girl is to be *little Jessie*.

The reader and author now part company, "without prejudice." I have fully illustrated the importance of minor events, and I have put in high relief the fact of an ever-ruling Providence; no less,

a warm tribute has been paid to that principle of love, pure mutual love, which both exemplifies, and is, the essence of Christianity. May such *love* more and more have perfect sway!

Whatever else may happen, of one thing I am certain, that Jessie of Gesoriacum shall never be forgotten.

FINIS.

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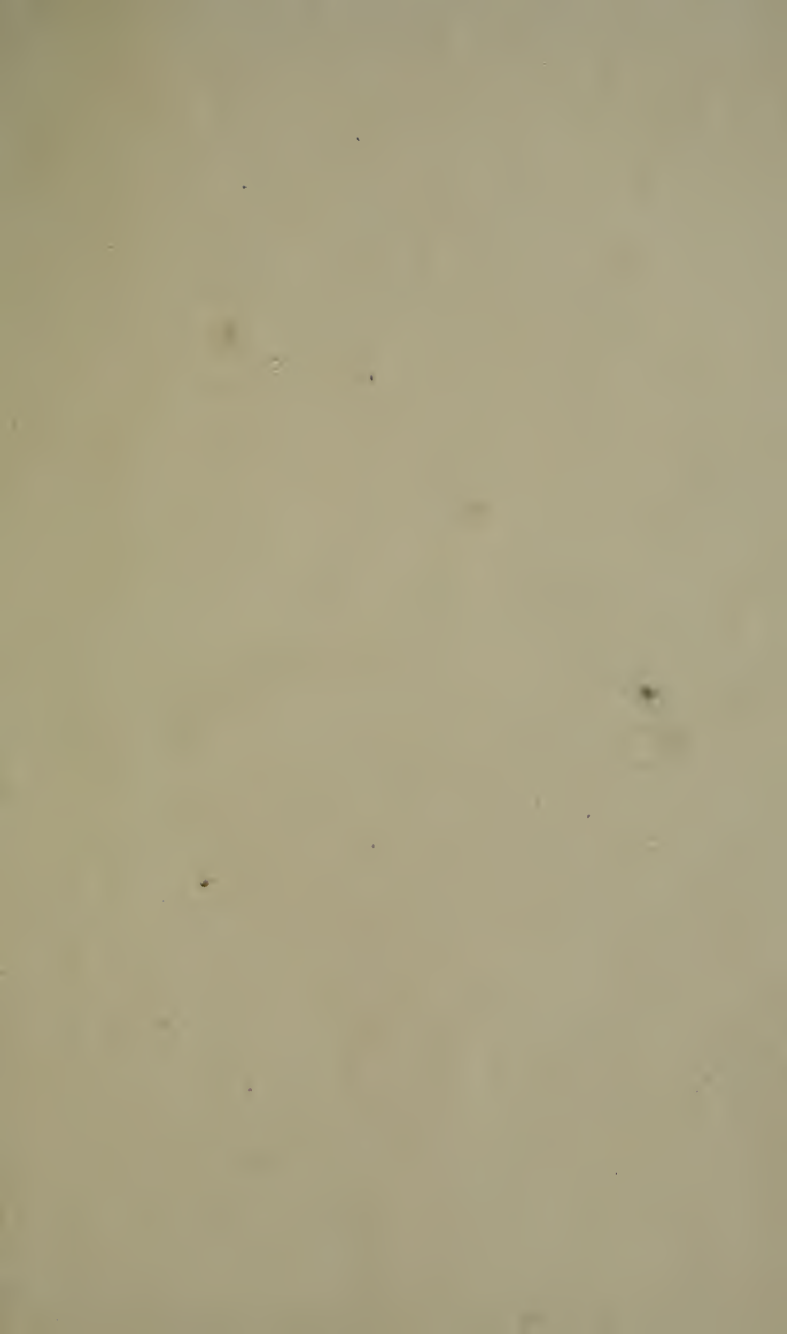
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